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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	721	The Sentiment of the Peace Congress. By a Member ...	739
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Population Question. By Immo S. Allen ...	739
From Old to New Liberalism ...	724	"The True Chatterton." By John H. Ingram and the Reviewer ...	740
Tariff Reform in Canada ...	725		
Turkey and the Triple ...	726	POETRY:—	
The Development of Ireland ...	727	Faith. By Dora Sigerson ...	740
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Shorter ...	740
The Use and Abuse of the Term "Whig" ...	729	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	741
The Heroine ...	730	REVIEWS:—	
On Beautiful Words ...	731	Lecky and the Critical Spirit ...	742
The Second Summer ...	732	Days of Vigil ...	743
PICTURES OF TRAVEL:—		In Surrey ...	744
Collins's Bay ...	733	Clotilde's Apologia ...	744
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Policy of Plus X.—II. By Gallican ...	734	The Favourites of Henry of Navarre ...	745
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		Socialistic Fallacies ...	745
The Agricultural Policy in Ireland. By George W. Russell and T. W. Rolleston ...	736	Hungary in the Eighteenth Century ...	745
Mr. Lloyd-George and Woman Suffrage. By Millicent Fawcett and a Member of the Conciliation Committee ...	737	Journal from Japan ...	745
"Nature" and Woman Suffrage. By a Mere Man ...	738	Pompeii ...	746
"On Some Old-fashioned Phrases." By an Ex-M.P. and Robert B. Whyte ...	739	A Land of Romance ...	746
Exports and Imports. By Arnold Whiteley ...	739	Summer Flowers of the High Alps ...	746
		The Road to Happiness ...	746
		Land Values ...	746
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	748

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## Diary of the Week.

LORD SPENCER died at Althorp on Saturday week at the age of seventy-five. Illness had exiled him from politics during the whole course of the last two Liberal administrations. But if Queen Victoria had asked for Gladstone's advice in 1894, she would have nominated him for the Premiership, and ten years later Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman privately declared his willingness to concede him the first honor in a Liberal administration, and thus to complete the greatest sacrifice of power and place that a British statesman can offer. Lord Spencer's public qualities were invincible loyalty and a certain benign firmness of character, joined to a winning simplicity of manner and a power of commanding men's wills, though not of influencing their intellects. These gave him a good second place in the statesmanship of his country.

LORD SPENCER's long career—he was twice Viceroy of Ireland—had three striking passages. The first was his physically brave administration of the severe Crimes Act which followed on the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The second was his decision in 1884—given in common with the Peers of the Cabinet of 1880—in favor of the renewal of coercion, and against Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of a Central Administrative Board for all Ireland, which was strongly supported by Gladstone. The third was his dramatic acceptance of Gladstone's policy of Home Rule a year later.

It was an incidental irony of his career that this consistent and attached party leader was responsible for the end of two Gladstone Governments—that of 1880,

which really fell on Irish coercion, and that of 1894, when Gladstone refused his assent to Lord Spencer's Naval Estimates, and finally retired from public life, on the ground that he could not end his career with a concession to militarism. During the decade of Liberal opposition, from 1895 to 1905, Lord Spencer unwaveringly adhered to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership, discountenancing all suggestions of schism. No one doubted that, had his health been maintained, he would have served Sir Henry as leader of the party in the Lords, though he naturally desired the first place. His views and standpoint were generally those of the Liberal centre, standing between the Imperialist right wing and the Radical left. He was one of the handful of Whigs who, like Lord Kimberley and Lord Granville, remained Gladstonian to the last. Lord Spencer's great height and noble carriage gave him an air of much distinction. He was three times Master of the Pytchley Hunt.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE died on the same day as Lord Spencer, and after a still longer period of retirement from active public life, though not of separation from public interests. The grateful memory of her country has enshrined her great achievement in the Scutari hospitals. The physical strain of directing the nursing arrangements of an anarchic and incompetently ordered campaign broke her for active work during the rest of her long life—she lived to be ninety—but she retained vigor enough to direct and forward the scientific organisation of hospital and district nursing, of which she was the real founder. She was a true expert in all she did and taught, and the Red Cross movement was one of the many reforms of which her toil at Scutari was the source and inspiration. Her intellect was calmly and severely practical, untouched by sentimentality, and was founded on a great and singular strength and balance of character. Honors were showered upon her both in the earlier and later years of her life; the late King, on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's advice, admitting her to the Order of Merit in 1907, and the Corporation of London conferring on her the Freedom of the City in 1908. Miss Nightingale's will forbade the funeral in Westminster Abbey which the Dean offered, but a commemorative service is to be held in St. Paul's this Saturday at noon.

THE Veto Conference has practically suspended its sittings, so as to suit the leisurely holiday ways of British statesmanship. Indeed, most of its members are taking cures, or motor tours, or are playing golf. Both the Labor Party and the Nationalists show restiveness. Mr. Barnes, the chairman of the former party, speaking at Glasgow on Monday, admitted that the King's death forced Mr. Asquith to some meeting with the other side, but suggested that the Conference had sat too long, and that its continuance seriously weakened democratic forces in this country. If it came to nothing, it must, in essence, mean a compromise, and that, in its turn, must re-establish the House of Lords in a position to do "harm, and nothing but harm, in the days to come." Mr. Dillon, speaking on the following day, was more cautious. The Irish Party, he said, had never liked the

Conference, and were not responsible for its existence, and were not bound by its decision. But it might well have been inevitable, and the Irish could not be responsible for breaking it up, unless it was unreasonably prolonged, while, if Liberals agreed to an unfavorable compromise, they would simply be signing their own death-warrant.

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A VERY ugly and ominous incident has occurred in British India, which has excited much and proper indignation in the Liberal Press of all sections. The Calcutta police, in conducting a series of raids on private houses, have searched the house of Mr. Krishna Kumar Mitra, one of the heads of the Brahmo Samaj, who was deported by a serious administrative error in 1908. They appear to have found some letters addressed to this gentleman, or to his son, by various Liberal members and ex-members of Parliament, including Sir Henry Cotton, Mr. Philip Morrell, Mr. Mackarness, Mr. Lupton, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. This fact has been telegraphed to England. It does not seem to be certain whether this disclosure was made by the Indian police, in order to discredit Liberal sympathy with the constitutional reform movement in India, of which Mr. Mitra was an ornament, or by Mr. Mitra's son. If the latter be the case, the motive is innocent; if the former, it is scandalous, and at once recalls Mr. Chamberlain's abuse of the letters of Lord de Villiers, Mr. John Ellis, and Mr. Labouchere during the negotiations with Paul Kruger in 1899. The India Office seems to have no knowledge of so disreputable a procedure as this, and if it has really taken place will, we have no doubt, repudiate it.

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THE Labor Party has clearly been driven by the Osborne judgment into a firmer demand for payment of members, and a statement by the Secretary of the three National Labor organisations—the I.L.P., the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and the General Federation of Trade Unions—shows that this will now become the fixed policy of the party. The Liberal Government will now have to make up its mind whether it will undertake this reform, or, while nominally supporting it, cold-shoulder it in practice. Mr. Asquith's answer to the recent deputation suggested the second course. But is that wise or safe? Payment of members has long been one of the planks of the Federation platform. At this moment it happens to be a vital issue for organised labor. Is the Liberal Party prepared to come to the rescue or not?

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LORD MORLEY is to be congratulated on his apparently successful resistance to the designs of the forward party on Tibet. According to a Darjeeling telegram, the outlook has so improved in the Chumbi Valley that there is now no likelihood of any expedition across the border. But was there ever any real danger of an attack by the Chinese on our trading stations in Tibet? The evidence is very scanty and, when analysed, reduces itself to a fiery article a year old by a prancing Chinese proconsul in a Lhasa newspaper, the presence of Chinese troops in the Chumbi Valley, where they had every right to be, and the known jealousy of the Szechuan officials who are running the new policy towards Indian interference in Tibet. There are only 2,400 Chinese troops all told in Tibet, and the affected alarm of the Indian colonels at the appearance of a new great military Power on the North-Eastern frontier of India is too ridiculous.

It may, indeed, be well questioned whether China has done herself a good service in converting her suzerainty over Tibet into a protectorate, but she has certainly put us under an obligation by making it more difficult for Russia or India to interfere. Lord Morley has resisted the various inconsistent pretexts of interference. It is to be hoped that he will also quash the more insidious proposal by Sir F. Younghusband for the appointment of Russian and British Residents at Lhasa. They would either quarrel, or else be harmonious conspirators to bring about intervention. The first would be a pity, for their sakes, the second might be a disaster to India.

\* \* \*

THE Emperor Francis Joseph was eighty on Thursday. He is the only European monarch of our time who has attained in the regards of his people a position at all comparable to that of the late Queen Victoria; indeed, the Austrian monarchy, as the symbol of political unity between different and even antagonistic social types, has not a little in common with our own. It has ceased to be fashionable to speculate on what will happen to Austria when the Emperor dies, which is the best testimony to the splendid use that Austria has made of the lessons of experience. She has gained in the Emperor's later years much more than she lost earlier in Italy and in the North. No longer the type of the bad Imperialism which once provoked Gladstone into a bitter and unjust generalisation on Austrian history, she has been forced by the sheer instinct of self-preservation into the recognition of the claims of nationality.

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AUSTRIA'S domestic progress of late has been rapid, and there is reason to think that she has now laid in the Balkans the foundations of a policy at once peaceful and progressive which will ensure her greater influence and at less risk than she could have obtained in any other way. How far the Emperor's personal efforts have contributed to the rehabilitation of Austria, it is hard to say. There is no reason to think him a man of exceptional ability. But he has that other gift, often denied to men of genius, of profiting by the lessons of experience. His lack of fixed general principles was compensated by a mind singularly open and impressionable to the drip, drip of facts. A modern Plutarch might find a much less apt pair to the Emperor Joseph than the late Earl Spencer; for except that the Englishman had the root of Liberalism in him, the two men were intellectually very similar.

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THE Free Trade Congress at Antwerp has been a great success, and all observers agree that the papers read were on a very high intellectual level. The chief interest of these international congresses is the opportunity that they afford of testing the strength of the Free Trade movement and of concerting a propagandist policy. One of the most interesting papers was by Mr. Byron Holt, of the New York Tariff Reform Committee, a body of American Free Traders from whom the English Protectionists have borrowed their name. He gave an interesting account of the progress of the Free Trade movement in America. The revolt of the farmers of Canada has its parallel across the frontier, and Mr. Holt prophesied that the revolt of the American consumer against the rise in prices would place the "insurgents" in power at the next election. Among the Democratic Party, too, Free Trade is gaining ground. The Democratic minority on the United States Senate Committee on Wages and Prices has just issued a Report

praising England's example as a proof of the advantages of Free Trade. Even in the "Times" correspondent's summary, the Report reads like an English electioneering pamphlet for Free Trade; and English Liberals will find in the reports of the Antwerp Congress plenty of valuable testimony for Free Trade in Germany. It is interesting to note that Lord Cromer read a paper at the Antwerp Congress, driving away at his old point—and a very good one—about the vital connection between Free Trade and international peace.

THE reply of the Vatican to the recall of the Spanish Minister has not yet been delivered, and the delay is, perhaps, a good sign. It is, it would seem, being considered by three committees—a diplomatic, a Spanish, and a general committee of cardinals. There seems little to hope for from the second, which Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State—and, it is perhaps worth noting, brother of the man who engineered the disastrous adventure of Spain in Morocco—dominates, but there are reasons for thinking that he is not supported by the general body of cardinals. Indeed, it is said that every decision in the crisis so far has been taken on the sole responsibility of Cardinal Merry del Val, and that many prominent cardinals who were not consulted had thought of presenting a remonstrance to the Pope.

If this is so, the discussion by these committees is a check to the domination of Cardinal Merry del Val, and a return to the practice followed by Leo XIII. Certainly, the mismanagement of Vatican diplomacy since Merry del Val became Secretary of State has been most conspicuous. Within seven years there has been a complete rupture with France, America has been irritated by the Roosevelt episodes, and Germany by the Borromeo Encyclical, and now Spanish pride has been offended. In the meantime, Señor Canalejas has enormously strengthened his position, and the issue is admitted all over the country by Conservatives, as well as by his own supporters, to be purely secular. The reforms themselves are so moderate that even the Vatican has not ventured to dispute them on their merits. It is standing simply and solely on its technical rights under the Concordat; in other words, it maintains that Spain is not an independent country in any change, however small or reasonable, affecting the *status quo*. That is an impossible position, out of which there is no way but retreat. "The *status quo*," said Señor Canalejas, "is done with. Spain wants no more of it."

HAPPILY, there was no loss of life in the Brussels Exhibition fire, nor will the disaster mean the closing of the Exhibition, or even, it is hoped, any serious diminution in its popularity. But the damage has been enormous, and much of it of a kind not assessable in money. The whole of the British, and portions of the French and Belgian, sections were destroyed. The show of Flemish pictures, many on loan from England, was fortunately held at some distance from the Exhibition, but other objects of art hardly less precious, and equally impossible to replace, were burnt. Particular sympathy will be felt with Mr. Wedgwood in the loss of his pottery, which to Continental sightseers, at any rate, was one of the surprises of the Exhibition. The disaster seems to have been due, not, as was at first thought, to a short circuit in the lighting wire, but to the carelessness of a smoker. There are many complaints of the inefficiency of the firemen, and also of dishonesty among the watch-

men; but the reluctance of the firemen to blow up buildings, which was the only way of staying the spread of the flames, is at any rate intelligible. It is the first international exhibition in which the British Government has taken an active official part, and we are glad to see that it has already commenced an action in the Belgian Court to indemnify the British exhibitors for their losses.

It has been a busy week for the aviators, and we are not sorry to see that cross-country flights are completely ruining the attractions of exhibitions in an aerodrome. Even the Lanark meeting, probably the best organised in Great Britain, was not financially a success. It is hard on the guarantors, perhaps, but good for the progress of aviation. The most remarkable flight of the week has been the attempt of M. Moisant, a French-American, to fly from Paris to London, which broke down at Rainham, near Chatham. If there is one thing more remarkable than another in the progress of aviation, it is the rapidity with which reputations are made. Clearly it is a science which almost anyone may learn, not an art requiring gifts with which a man must be endowed by nature. The prize for the 500 miles flight from Paris to Nancy and back was won, as was expected, by M. Leblanc. Mr. Grahame White, by carrying letters from Blackpool to Southport, has suggested a new practical use to which the aeroplane may be put. Legs are probably still *hors concours* as a means for individual locomotion, and trains for the carriage of crowds and heavy goods. But there have been more suggestions than one that aeroplaning may some day become a serious rival to the motor car, and, perhaps, also to the telegraph and to the Channel packet.

THE county cricket season has still some weeks of life, but the number of victories which Kent has won already enables her to retain the championship. But for the sudden rise of Smith—the new Surrey bowler—she might have boasted that she possessed the most brilliant batting and bowling team in England. Surrey is beginning to recover her old power, but she still wants a settled captain and a fast bowler of the first rank. Yorkshire has become stale and mediocre, Lancashire is uncertain, and Middlesex depends too much on the form of her best all-round player, Tarrant. The new rule of counting drawn matches to the discredit of both teams has greatly quickened play, and has produced close games and a due mixture of bold and adventurous batting. Our cricket would be still further improved by a larger mixture of amateurs with the great professional players.

THE death of the Dean of Lincoln, in his seventy-sixth year, deprives the English Church of one of the last members of the line of learned Deans for whose creation Gladstone was largely responsible. Dean Wickham will always be known to scholarship by his edition of Horace, which for years has been the English classic, his text being adopted for the beautiful impression lately issued by the Medici Society. But he was more than a scholar of the old textual school. He was a reformer both in the affairs of his own College, New, and in his University in the administration of Fellowships. He was of a somewhat broader school of theology than that which Gladstone usually favored in Church appointments, and the Liberalism which he learned from that master remained with him to the end of his life. Lincoln was happy in having such a Bishop as King and such a Dean as Wickham.



## Politics and Affairs.

### FROM OLD TO NEW LIBERALISM.

THE death of Lord Spencer has moved more than one writer to reflect that he was twice within a single step of attaining the leadership of the Liberal Party, displacing either Lord Rosebery or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or both. It is no disparagement of this high-minded man to say that his failure was for the best. If Lord Rosebery's brief Premiership was not an important event in Liberal statesmanship, it was at least a necessary disillusionment; while it was properly reserved for the indomitable man who led the Opposition of 1899 to 1904 to resume and fortify the traditions of Liberal government in 1906. Lord Spencer's loyal co-operation in the earlier and more difficult period made that resumption possible, and it was a still more efficient and timely service than his conversion to Home Rule. Ireland, indeed, owes much to Lord Spencer, but there is a debit as well as a credit side to the account. In 1885 he had grasped the full meaning of the Irish demand for self-government, but a year earlier he might have laid its foundation-stone. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain were then warmly and fully associated in an important, though partial, measure of reform; but they could not carry the Whigs of the Cabinet. "Ah, they will rue this day," said the Prime Minister to his brilliant lieutenant, when the defeat of their common plan was assured. The golden hour passed; and a decade later Gladstone had gone, refusing for the second time to assent to the Naval Estimates which a Whig colleague, this time successfully, pressed upon him, and envisaging, with prophetic truth, the revival of the second stage of Imperialism for the Empire and of militarism for Europe.

It is unlikely that the Whig aristocracy will again produce many more Liberal leaders, though if a larger Whig remnant had survived the land legislation of the 'eighties and the Budget of last year, and had retained an ampler share of the more generous traditions of its class, the country might have been the gainer. A recent critic, who was never a Liberal, insists that Liberalism has now become the party of the "small man," of the obscure, half-jealous strivings of the petty bourgeois, the people who have not fully "arrived," as against the class-movement of the mass of the manual workers and the natural adherence of the assured and the comfortable to things as they are. Such a criticism takes little note of the actual tendencies of politics. The direction of Liberalism is, indeed, still divided between the Whig-Liberal aristocracy and the distinctly middle-class element, introduced by Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright, and represented by Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, and Mr. Lloyd George. The legal element in this combination is as able as it ever was, and the administrative ability is as high; its decline in general culture, in "social standing," to use a cant phrase, is appreciable, though not more noticeable than the present divorce of English society from refinement and from ideas. But the policy of Liberalism is no longer mere middle-class and Manchester. In a sense, it would be better if it had a little more of the flower of both. It is strange to find a Liberal party with

no fixed attitude to higher education, and with nothing to say to University reform. It is a still greater misfortune that the old attachment to national liberties is obscured by a hundred reserves, drawn here from Imperial necessities, and there from our close and perilous association with an un-free European Government, fresh from a self-destroying victory over its own people. And until the present Ministry and its party have found a policy of appeasement on European armaments, it will be impossible to ensure them a future against Socialism on the one hand and Protectionist Imperialism on the other.

But on the range of domestic legislation the outlook is much clearer and wider. Modern British Liberalism is by no means a class movement. It may be a true criticism of the Labor Party to say that though it takes over many of the ideas of Liberalism, and expounds them with more fidelity and courage than their parent, it still speaks for a class, and with the accent of a class. But the conception of a higher standard of living achieved for the whole people, largely by the regulative and persuasive action of the State; of the adaptation of the common knowledge and the common funds to finer, more humane, more skilfully directed ends; of a more productive use of British land; of a check administered, through our taxing system, to excessive accumulation and excessive privilege; of the State control of monopolies, and their adaptation to the general needs; and of a scientific attack on unemployment, that cancer of modern industry—belongs to a high form of statecraft. And it is the conception which underlies such measures as the Old Age Pensions Act, the Development Act, the scheme of Land Taxes, the Labor Exchanges Act, the Small Holdings Act, the projected measures of Industrial Insurance, Co-operative Credit, Poor Law and Prison Reform, and the inevitable task of a future Liberal Administration, if not of this—namely, the Nationalisation of Railways and Canals. These reforms are the natural work of a party which has been forced to cast off its moorings with the aristocracy, and holds itself free to pursue national interests against that or any other class. It is not yet clear when the Liberal Party will be empowered to take up these tasks, and who will execute them. That depends in the main on the issue of the fight for representative against class government. The programme we have outlined is not at all a revolutionary one. Nearly every organised modern State is pursuing it in one form or another. But neither it nor the older and more orthodox Liberalism can be achieved while the House of Lords blocks the way.

There is, indeed, one other obstacle to the evolution of the new Liberalism, and that is the present naval policy of the Government. If that is maintained, the fruits of the Budget, save those that are already secured for Old Age Pensions, must be hypothecated for armaments. The price of a continued Anglo-German struggle for European hegemony is the defeat in each country of the movement of social reconstruction which is equally agreeable to the humane genius of the Anglo-Saxon and the scientific method of the Teuton. We go back to Imperialism and Protection; Germany



struggles on to a not distant revolution; both nations will torment and fine themselves and the whole civilised world with the burden and cost of an ever-accumulating provision against war. The Government has not met this danger, has not really looked it in the face. But the Liberal Party cannot go on year after year counting "Dreadnoughts" and finding money to build them. If the Liberal Government cannot stay this process, the party must. It is a condition of its existence. If its central problem is unsolved, its social work will be a passing and deceptive interlude, and all its moral ideas, all its schemes of national betterment, must swiftly pass into the eclipse of a long reaction.

#### "TARIFF REFORM" IN CANADA.

It ought to be no matter of surprise that the Liberal Party in Canada, under Sir W. Laurier, should be swinging back to their old political moorings, tariff for revenue and reciprocity with the United States. This was their traditional policy up to 1897, when a special and a quite intelligible stress of circumstances drove them to a temporary abandonment. For a quarter of a century they had struggled against the so-called "National" policy, of which a high protective tariff, directed primarily in hostility to the United States, was the chief instrument. Even after their defeat upon reciprocity in 1892 they clung closely to their Free Trade professions, fighting and winning the contest of 1896 mainly on this issue. But the conjunction of the rising tide of Imperialist sentiment throughout Great and Greater Britain in the "diamond jubilee" year with the oppressive features of the Dingley Tariff swept them off their feet. To preserve popularity and power Sir W. Laurier and his associates consented to bow themselves in the House of Rimmon. They covered their defection from Free Trade under the cloak of an Imperial Preference which presented the false appearance of freer trade with the mother-country. So long as the glamor of Imperialism lasted, all went well. The Boer war, the pageantry of the new reign, the fervor of Imperial defence, served to maintain the double illusion that Canada was equipping herself for a great part in the drama of a self-sufficing British Empire and that she could "do without" the United States. In truth she was handing herself over to the dictation and manipulation of groups of Ontarian manufacturers, merchants, and speculators, who worked politics for their own pockets, imposing duties, securing bounties, and operating land and railway deals on highly profitable lines. So long as the great Eastern cities were sucking in an increasing share of the population, while the new settlers in the West were too dispersed and too much immersed in business to organise for politics, these little capitalist groups had the game in their hands. The arrogance and the oppressive fiscal policy of the United States helped them to play Imperial Preference for ten times its real worth, while the general tone of confidence which followed the discovery of the vast potentialities of the new North-West allayed all apprehensions of the future.

But things have moved rapidly within the last few years. Large sections of country in Manitoba and the

two new provinces have filled up rapidly with a population of energetic, intelligent, and prosperous citizens who show no intention of lying still, a helpless prey of manufacturing trusts and railroads. Though large numbers of them consist of recently arrived peasants from the continent of Europe, probably an absolute majority are American or British born, and carry with them traditions of self-government and habits of revolt against injustice and oppression. It is absurd to impute this great Free Trade awakening, as the "Morning Post" attributes it, to a conscious conspiracy for the Americanisation of Canada. But there can be no question but that the large migration of experienced and prosperous farmers from Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, and the other middle-Western States of the Union has largely contributed to the new movement. It has developed in Canada the organisation of Growers' and Farmers' Associations which have played so important a part in the politics of the United States. With the grants of railroads, an enterprising Press, and that new bond of local union, the telephone, the agricultural electorate is for the first time able to make its voice effective. No longer distracted by idle controversies upon education, Dominion politics formulate themselves in a few strong, simple, definite demands. Chief among them are the call for open markets for the machinery and other farm appliances, for the clothing and other manufactured goods, which they want to buy, and the pressure for suitably open markets across the American frontier for the grain, lumber, hides, coal, and other raw materials, which they want to sell.

Every year transfers more patently the balance of political power in Canada from Montreal and Toronto and the manufacturing East to the great expanding North-West. There can therefore be no question of the wisdom of Sir W. Laurier's reversion to the policy which always held his heart and intellect, and which now again chimes with his sense of political expediency. That the true interests of the people lay in the direction of land duties and reciprocity has always been evident to students of the national structure of the country. Canada from East to West is a series of developed patches, severed from one another by vast stretches of wilderness. Each of these important clearings, with its industrial and rural population and its rising cities, is flanked by a contiguous section of industrial development across the United States frontier. The manifest drive of economic and social intercourse is everywhere North and South rather than East and West. The great European markets for agricultural produce would doubtless in time have justified the creation of a direct railroad service along the routes taken by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. But the forcing of these routes, to the comparative neglect of the American routes and markets, has been "against Nature." And Nature, through the play of mutual interests, is now beginning vigorously to assert herself.

The scare-monger of the "Daily Mail" is doubtless right in his assertion that "Everywhere, the opinion is held that within the next two years a treaty of reciprocity will be concluded between the United States and Canada," though his interpretation of this highly com-

mendable measure as marking "the first step towards imperial disintegration," is a ridiculous *non sequitur*. It is possible that such an arrangement may involve a partial withdrawal of British Preference. Though Sir W. Laurier no doubt quite honestly disclaims any intention of revoking the imperial preference, the logic of reciprocity may oblige him to make such concessions to the manufacturing interests of the United States as virtually to cancel the advantage which the present preference gives to our machinery and metal exporters. In the most profitable branches of textiles we should doubtless continue for some time to hold our own. But those who have followed the actual history of the Canadian preference are aware that it is eventually an ephemeral policy. A nation with the manufacturing ambitions which Canada entertains will not long be able to make the preferential policy for British manufacturers fit in either with a Protectionist or a Free-Trade policy.

The demand of the farmers for tariff reductions and reciprocity must find an early expression in Canadian fiscal policy. But it is probable that English Free Traders may be deceived in their interpretation of the pace of the Canadian movement towards free importation. While Canada is not precluded by constitutional obstacles, as is the United States, from finding through direct taxation substitutes for import duties, she must continue for some time to depend largely on this source of revenue. Nor is it likely that, maintaining a tariff for revenue, she will apply the full logic of Free Trade by rigorous insistence upon excise duties to offset the import duty in the case of goods where competition of home industries is involved. What we have to expect is an early revision of the present tariff, with general reductions on manufactured goods, and an arrangement with the United States which will admit American manufactured goods at low rates. Both measures very conceivably involve a reduction of the Imperial Preference. This fact, taken in conjunction with the explicit and repeated declaration of Canadian farmers that they seek no British Preference for their agricultural exports, practically destroys the Imperial plank in the platform of our Protectionists. They will shortly be driven to throw aside their thin cloak of patriotism and stand forth as the pocket-politicians they are, content to help their paymasters to get value for their contributions to the propaganda of Tariff Reform. But they will not succeed. The revolt of the Canadian farmer will go far to expose the meaning of Protection to our rural electorate, and they, when once it is made manifest that nothing can be done for them, will focus their intelligence more clearly on the proposal to make them pay higher prices for the manufactured goods they buy.

#### TURKEY AND THE TRIPLICE.

THE German Press has made much of the meetings at Marienbad this week between Count Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, and the Turkish Grand Vizier. The "Kreuz Zeitung" sees within attainment

"the goal of a far-reaching agreement between the Triple Alliance and Turkey." Of that the most tangible sign as yet is the sale of the two German warships to Turkey, purchased, as Djavad Pasha, the Minister of Finance, has been saying in Berlin, with the express object of pricking the pretensions of Greece; but there is abundant evidence that Austria has quite lived down the unpopularity that the annexation of Bosnia roused against her in Turkey. A diplomatic correspondent of the "Neue Freie Presse" professes to give the heads of the subjects discussed with Count Aehrenthal at Marienbad; and if he is right, the statesman who a year ago was accused of slitting the thin-spun hopes of newly regenerated Turkey, is now the favored confidant of her dearest wishes. They are said to have discussed (amongst other subjects) the proposed further increase of the customs, the abolition of the Capitulations, and the concession to Turkey of the right, which is still denied her, of taxing resident foreigners. Those are all ambitions to which the consent of the other Powers as well as of Austria is necessary; and to some of them—the increase of the customs and the abolition of the Capitulations—Austria had already promised her support in the protocol of the agreement of last spring that confirmed her in the possession of Bosnia. That, however, does not make it any the less remarkable that the Grand Vizier should now be discussing with Count Aehrenthal how those concessions to Turkey's new place in the world can best be obtained. It means that Turkey, at any rate, has completely forgiven Austria for her action in Bosnia, and instead of an enemy, now sees in her the natural champion of the new Turkish nationalism. That is a remarkable achievement for Austrian diplomacy. Count Aehrenthal has earned the right to ask Samson's riddle; for the bees have made honey in the provinces that he dismembered, and out of the eater has come forth meat.

Formally, no doubt, Austria is only paying Turkey the price of the provinces that she acquired, but it is payment into her political capital in South Eastern Europe that will later have a rich return. The victory in South Eastern Europe will go to the Power that creates the impression that she is really disinterested, or at any rate, that her interests are different in kind from those of the other Balkan States, and therefore not inconsistent with their satisfaction. That was the strength of Russia's old position in the Balkans—a position that she lost through identifying herself too long with the maintenance of the abuses of the old Turkish *régime*, and through her failure to adjust her policy to the new conditions created by the Revolution. Austria, prompted by Germany, saw that a strong Turkey fitted her real interests in South Eastern Europe even better than a weak Turkey. She hastily converted her lien over the two provinces into legal ownership, and having done that, she spared no pains to convince Turkey that she had completely abandoned her old ambitions. She paid pecuniary compensation; she abandoned her right to Novi-Bazar, and with it any pretensions to the reversion of Salonika; she promised her support to everything that would enhance the prestige of the new Turkish Government. A strong Turkey, if it ruined her own chances of a reversion, at

any rate ruined Russia's too. And while Russia was still feeling after a new policy to replace the old, Austria, acting now with the support of Germany, boldly adopted the rôle of the Power interested only in the financial and political rehabilitation, who has abjured all territorial ambitions, and seeks her reward only in economic benefits, in which Turkey will also be a sharer. In a word, the old Austrian policy has given place to one that in all its essentials is specifically German.

The measure of Austrian success is also, unfortunately, a measure of our own failure. It is a great political position, not without material advantages, to which German policy in Turkey is aspiring, and it is mere foolishness for us to pretend now that the grapes are sour. Less than two years ago we stood in the position that Austria is winning for herself; and if it was right for this country then to welcome the overthrow of despotism in Turkey, and even to risk a serious quarrel with Austria because her action threatened to impair the prestige of the Reformed Government, we have managed very ill to lose that initial advantage. German policy in Turkey corresponds so closely with our own traditional objects that it is the more surprising how we have contrived to be manœuvred into a position so false and so inconsistent with British interests. How came we to make that awful blunder of backing the counter-revolution? How did it come about, as Sir William Ramsay, an acute and impartial observer, has asked, that, whereas the Revolution of July, 1908, was the triumph of British influence, the Revolution of April, 1909, which placed the same men once more in authority, was considered to be its downfall? No doubt our policy in Egypt and Persia has reacted on our policy in Turkey. It may have been felt to be too potently inconsistent that we should give thick-and-thin support to the Nationalist movement in Turkey when we were repressing it in Egypt and Persia; we may have tried to justify mistakes in one Islamic country by making corresponding mistakes in another. But the explanation goes deeper than any desire to preserve a bad consistency. Our Turkish policy has failed for the same reasons as our policy in Persia. It has not been British, but anti-German; it has not been inspired either by enthusiasm for a Nationalist awakening or by cold and selfish calculations of how our interests could best be served, but by the supposed necessity of doing our duty as an informal adherent to the Dual Alliance. In Persia, our policy is only explicable on the ground of our anxiety to please Russia at all costs, against the time when we may need her help; and the failures of our policy in Turkey are traceable, if less distinctly, to the same source. Almost any motive but this would have led us right. A Gladstonian enthusiasm over the signs of life in the dry bones of the East would have given us an unchallengeable position in Islam for a generation. A purely selfish and opportunist policy might have left for us the position that we won in the first few months of the Turkish Revolution. But we seem to have deserted the true objects of British policy simply because we would not follow them in the company of Germany.

Yet there is hope, even in the seeming perversity of our mistakes. Should German policy in Turkey meet with the success that seems likely, the position of the Triple Alliance will be too strong for attack, and for Russia to persevere in her old policy would only be to confirm the advantages that Germany has won. She must therefore, if she is to recover anything like her old position, either seek to make terms with the Triple Alliance, and co-operate with its policy, or else bid against it. The logic of the situation will be too strong for her as it was for France in Morocco, but it will make all the difference whether we or Russia are the first to revert to a more rational policy, whether we follow Russia, or Russia us. In the one case, we shall gain no advantage; in the other, we shall not only feel ourselves in a better position to maintain British interests, but we shall incidentally have gathered together perhaps the most promising materials that offer for an *entente* with that in all its essentials is German.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF IRELAND.

It is part of the legacy of hatred and faction which alien government has bequeathed to Ireland that even a movement that aims at social peace finds itself ere long the focus and centre of party strife. With the best will in the world a few men of clear vision and practical aims take up the olive branch, and even they are forced ere long to wield it as a weapon. There is little thought of disputing the great work that has been done for the material prosperity of Ireland by Sir Horace Plunkett, and all the organisations, industrial and economic, which sprang from his initiative. Among thoughtful men, at least, the artificial causes of the misery and poverty of Ireland are understood to-day. Lecky and the students whom he inspired have traced one by one the ruin of every beginning of industry in Ireland at the hands of its English competitors. They insisted on the prohibition of the cattle trade, stopped the export of hides and salted meat, destroyed the commerce in wool, and even condescended to interfere with the poor exotic industries of cotton and silk. It was no mere ill-will to a rebellious and Catholic island that dictated this policy. The American Colonies suffered by it, and the native industries of India were ruined by it. The result was the Ireland which Swift has described—the Ireland whose poverty and populous unemployment he proposed in the immortal satire to cure by breeding Celtic babies for the meat market. The epoch of Free Trade brought with it a kindlier mood; Catholic emancipation had preceded it. But it was also the epoch of *laissez faire*. By development grants, coupled with a wise land policy, the famine-stricken kingdom might have been nursed into prosperity. But such devices lay beyond the functions of government as the Manchester School understood them. It is only in our generation that Government dares to remedy the evils which Government made, and boldly assumes that neither nature nor the Celtic character nor the Catholic Church, but rather the follies and



selfishness of foreign dominion, are to blame for the poverty and listlessness which has seemed to be the inalienable heritage of the Irish race on its own soil.

The results of a few years' work on the lines of land purchase, agricultural co-operation, and credit banks, are already sufficiently striking. The spirit of *Swadeshi* and *Sinn Fein*, which practical men translate as "Self-Help," is everywhere making its way. Not only are new industries springing up, but existing industries are learning with the aid of new patriotism to capture the home market. The consequences are already apparent in the statistics of Irish trade. Though Irish imports have risen by five millions in as many years, yet the balance of trade which was against Ireland by over four millions in 1904 is now a mere half-million sterling. The meaning of these figures is clear. The demand for skilled Irish labor at home is rising. The wages of the migratory harvester and the remittances of the American exile, which used to balance the national budget, are no longer the important item they were. Better still, the rate at which the life-blood of the nation was being drawn away in emigration has dropped from a yearly average of 40,000, to something nearer 25,000. Nothing external has happened to bring about this change. It has its roots in the minds of men. There is a will to organise, where before was only the determination to fight.

The chances are that these results, which Professor H. G. Wilson, of Belfast, has sketched in a brilliant and optimistic lecture ("Recent History in Ireland," Belfast, Alexander Mayne & Boyd), would have been even more striking if the new movement had succeeded in avoiding politics. But it was from the first a protest against the orthodox Nationalism which naturally looked askance at any effort that might divert the thoughts of Irishmen from the one central aim. Sir Horace Plunkett set out to convince his countrymen that much might be done for Ireland without the one cataclysmal remedy of Home Rule, and inevitably he encountered the opposition of those who would postpone all minor matters until Ireland is free to manage them herself. His movement was patronised by those who imagined that Home Rule could be "killed with kindness," and of late it has been associated with that still more dangerous symptom of an absorption in material things, the O'Brienite schism. "Irish dreams," says Professor Wilson, "are now prosaic beside those of bygone days—they are concerned with such matters as the price of tweed, the proper way of feeding cattle, the use of electricity and oil engines, the revival of music and dancing among the people, the reform of the poor law." Some truth there must be in this depressing diagnosis. There is a certain reaction against the seemingly sterile politics of the long fight for Home Rule, in which men grew grey-haired to advance an end that seemed always to recede. The momentary success of Mr. O'Brien's puzzling diversion in the South is proof of it. Yet, on the whole, the new temper is not one of mere materialism. There thrives beside it the wild and romantic adventure which aims at the revival of the Irish language. There has grown up from the same soil a literary and dramatic renaissance which has discovered

more of genius than any contemporary effort in our time in all the three kingdoms. Indeed, one suspects that it is only because in all this "dreaming" about tweeds and oil engines there is always present the underlying thought of restoring the fortunes of an ideal Ireland, passionately imagined and realised with all the imagery of a personal love, that Irishmen have turned to it at all. The inevitable result has been a partial alienation between orthodox Nationalism and the new tendencies, and a growing disposition on the part of organisations which should have eschewed politics to take the field against Nationalism. The letter in which Mr. T. W. Russell explained last week in our columns the reasons which induced the Board of Agriculture to withdraw the Government subsidy from Sir Horace Plunkett's Agricultural Organisation Society is evidence of the cleavage. If it be true that some of the organisers of the society were going about preaching a sort of crusade against the Nationalist party, it was inevitable that Government aid should be withheld from a society which had become political. The decision is now a matter of history, but it is worth inquiring whether a warning might not have served as well as this drastic penalty to recall to its proper functions an association which has done splendid work. The Board of Agriculture is open, moreover, to criticism for its delay in itself undertaking the work which voluntary bodies can hardly perform without a subsidy. It was in 1907 that the Department ceased to support the Society, and it is still unable to go beyond a promise to submit "in due course" a "proposal" for the encouragement of co-operative trading and co-operative credit. It is a matter for speculation how far this breach was really the result of politics, and how far it had its origin in the jealousy of the individual traders who may have used Nationalism as their cloak. The new scheme, we are told, is one which will not bring the Department "into collision with the traders of the country." It is difficult to conceive of any co-operative effort, whether in banking or in marketing, which will not at some point compete with private enterprise. The obligation upon a Liberal administration to continue the good work begun under Unionist auspices is very clear. There ought to be no further delay in setting in motion the machinery of which Mr. T. W. Russell has spoken.

The moral of this controversy is, to our thinking, that the whole development of Irish life is cumbered with needless complications until Home Rule is conceded. The conciliator becomes a controversialist. The preacher of unity can only make a more jarring discord. Striving to prevent the waste of national energy upon sterile politics, he is only forced to engage in politics himself. That necessary concentration upon the development of Ireland can be achieved only when she is free to think of her own concerns without reference to the fortunes of her struggle at Westminster. In so far as the Plunkett movement has shown that Irishmen of both races and creeds can work together for a practical end, and go far to transform the outlook of the peasantry despite all the handicap of an indefensible administrative chaos, it has destroyed many of the doubts and hesitations that tended to delay Home Rule.

## Life and Letters.

### THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE TERM "WHIG."

Do we pay a politician a compliment when we call him a Whig and say that there are very few Whigs left? Or are we abusing him and thanking God that death and the devil have done for the rest? We can generally guess from our knowledge of the speaker whether he is praising or blaming, but we may be left in doubt as to the precise meaning he renders to the term. If the "Times" tells us that it is a bad look out for the Liberal Party that names like those of Lansdowne, Westminster, and Devonshire are not to be found decorating its history any longer, we think we know roughly what Whig is meant to represent. If a Radical says that Liberalism will never achieve anything until it has shaken off the last shred of Whig influence, we know again what Whig is meant to represent. Yet it is doubtful whether either the "Times" leader writer or the Radical leader writer could say offhand, if challenged, precisely on what principle he includes or excludes from his roll of Whigs: he recognises certain characteristics which he likes or dislikes; he catches a certain atmosphere which pleases or irritates him. Most people perhaps use the term to describe a politician who is by birth a Liberal and by convictions something else. But this use of the term is unscientific; it disregards history, and sometimes confuses and misleads. A very brief survey will show, indeed, that the shades of meaning are rather more subtle than they appear to these slap-dash critics.

There is no difficulty in deciding who were Whigs in 1688. The great and glorious revolution whose cautions and compromises Burke solemnly recommended a century later to a nation on fire with the ideas of the Rights of Man, was the great Whig monument. It was the work of the great families who decided that the King was not to govern without Parliament. In the severing Whig crisis of 1789, both parties appealed to the spirit and the memory of 1688; neither party doubted that it was in that spirit or those memories that the true Whig light was to be discovered. The Whigs then established Parliamentary government. They did so, it may be said, in two stages, the second stage being comprised in the achievement of Walpole, whose uninspiring career, so lacking in color and romance and generous atmosphere, is one of the great facts of English history. That aim accomplished, there set in the diseases natural to success. The Reformers became a vested interest. Instead of making Parliament, into whose hands they had massed this power, representative of the nation, they chose to make it the instrument of their own ambitions. The great families quarrelled, not over principles, but over plunder. If we talk of a Grenville or a Bedford or a Gower as a Whig, we do not think of the great principles of 1688, but of a close oligarchy living on the nation. For the first half-century those Whig families are supreme. The Crown is in the shade. The Tories, when not actually Jacobite, are in the sulks.

It would be difficult to refuse the name Whig to any politician of this period who believed in Parliamentary government—not a very severe test for a Newcastle or a Grafton. But half-way through the century the basis of this ascendancy was attacked by George III., who contrived, partly by means of his ostentatious virtue, partly by means of his unscrupulous intrigues, and most of all by two pieces of extraordinary good luck, to disestablish Whig principles for the next fifty years. The term "Whig" comes then to take a more definite and exacting meaning. It is refined in the furnace of two crises. The first is the crisis from which emerged the Rockingham Whigs; the second that from which emerged the Fox Whigs. The Rockingham Whigs aimed at destroying the arbitrary power built up by the Crown, at making Parliament once more supreme, and at checking corruption. Whereas a Grenville or a Sandwich had meant by Parliamentary government a particular distribution of sinecures and offices, a Rockingham Whig meant by it the control of offices by a Parliament responsible in some sense to the nation. We say "in some sense," for

Parliamentary reform was not in the programme of Burke or of most of his party. This was the constitutional position of the Whigs, but during this second period—i.e., roughly from 1760 to 1789—they may be said to acquire a definite body of principles on certain other questions. A Whig in 1780 was not only a politician who wanted to put the Crown in its place; he was also a politician who believed that the Colonies had a right to self-government—hence the Blue and Buff of the "Edinburgh Review." This principle he extended also to Ireland, and the few months of power that the Whigs enjoyed are marked by the Settlement of 1782 and Grattan's Parliament.

The second great crisis was, of course, the crisis of the French Revolution. Who were the Whigs between 1790 and 1830? Pitt, the author of the Treason and Sedition Bills, spoke of himself as a Whig to the end of the eighteenth century; but in the same sense Mr. Chamberlain might have called himself a Radical to the end of the nineteenth. Windham in his most delirious moments of panic imagined himself a Whig. But just as general consent has given the name Liberal to those Liberals who followed Gladstone in 1886, and not to those Liberals who followed Hartington, so, if the word Whig is not to be lost altogether as a word to represent a certain set of principles, we must apply it in 1793 to the men who opposed the war and coercion, and not to those who supported them. Now, the general principles of this set of men during the last forty years of the ancient régime are clear enough. They held, first and foremost, the belief that a nation has a right to develop its own government. (This principle of nationalism Fox and Sheridan believed to be implicit in the earlier Whig treatment of America and Ireland.) Secondly, freedom of discussion and political liberty (not political power) for all classes. Thirdly, absolute religious toleration (on this point, and on this point alone, the men who were called Grenville Whigs joined with the Whigs from 1806). Fourthly, Parliamentary reform of such a character as to make the House of Commons roughly representative without applying any democratic ideas of the basis of a right to vote. These were the principles for which the Whigs stood through the black days of fierce Tory reaction, and whether we look to the spirit in which Fox and Grey and Sheridan fought the oppression of Pitt, or to that in which Grey and Holland and Fitzwilliam fought the oppression of Sidmouth, the name is clothed in associations that are full of honor and renown.

But, together with their principles, the Whigs retained a rooted belief in aristocracy, and though they resisted the measures which the governing class adopted for suppressing the popular reformers, they regarded those reformers as very troublesome and disturbing clients. Bamford has given a description of his visit to the House of Commons during the debates on the Coercion of 1817. Brougham, one of his heroes, was speaking, and the first half of his speech was chastisement of the Government and its tyrannical conduct. During this part of his speech he was scarcely audible in the violence and uproar of the Gentlemen of England. Then a change came over the scene. Brougham turned from the Government to the reformers, and flew at them with as much passion as he had put into his onslaught on the Government. The House rocked with applause, and poor Bamford turned sick with pain and disillusionment. Such was the gulf between the Whigs and the reformers, that Ward believed Parliamentary reform, which, as he saw, could only be carried by their alliance, was for ever impossible. This tradition of the Whigs as politicians who believed in government by great families has obscured in the minds of many people who use the term to-day their other attributes. The "Times," for example, includes the name Portland in the list of Whig families. The Dukes of Portland have certainly believed in family government from the day when William III. gave a county or so to his Dutch favorite, but no Whig principle later than 1789 has ever been associated with their house. The name of Spencer is more properly put in this category. The first Lord Spencer joined Pitt's



Government, and "honest Lord Althorp," the leader of the House of Commons in the Grey Government, was brought up in a strict Tory atmosphere. But at Cambridge he became friends with Lord Henry Petty; he fell under the spell of Fox and became a Whig of the type of Whitbread and Romilly. In this case a Whig house returned to its colors. The atmosphere of the Whigs, with their fastidious and exclusive tastes, their love of talking Latin in the House of Commons, and their grand manner, has enveloped the name in some rather misleading associations. It is forgotten, for example, that no set of men were more free or outspoken in their language. Coke of Norfolk spoke of George III. as "that bloody king," and Chatham and Fox were never afraid of calling the conduct of the English Government savage and brutal when they so regarded it. A certain famous speech on "the methods of barbarism," though made by a statesman whom nobody would call a Whig, is in this respect the most Whig-like piece of courage in our times. Similarly, our present foreign policy is often called Whig, in contrast to the Radical aspirations of certain of Sir Edward Grey's party; but whether that policy is good or bad, the name "Whig" is singularly inappropriate. For if "Whig foreign policy" means anything, it means the policy that was common to Charles Fox and to Lord John Russell—the policy that befriended Revolution in Europe. The term "Whig" stands for cautious and tentative reform, for yielding slowly and reluctantly to demands of democracy, for the confining superstitions of rank and power. To bring Whig ideas to modern social politics would be like sending the mails to Edinburgh by stage coach. But let it be remembered that it stands also for a party that put the Crown and the Church in their place, that showed in its best days a romantic and generous sympathy with freedom abroad, and a moral courage and tenacity in which politicians who have passed to a larger world of ideas may yet find a noble example.

#### THE HEROINE.

It is strange to think that only this time last week a woman was alive who had won the highest fame many years before most people now living were born. To remember her is like turning the pages of an illustrated newspaper half-a-century old. Again we see the men with long and pointed whiskers, the women with ballooning skirts, bag nets for the hair, and little bonnets or porkpie hats, a feather raking fore and aft. It was a time when Gladstone was still a subordinate statesman, earning credit for finance, Dickens was writing "Hard Times," Carlyle was beginning his "Frederick," Ruskin was at work on "Modern Painters," Browning composing his "Men and Women," Thackeray publishing "The Newcomes," George Eliot wondering whether she was capable of imagination. It all seems very long ago since that October night when the woman who died last Saturday sailed for Boulogne with her thirty-eight chosen nurses on the way to Scutari. We suppose that never in the world's history has the change in thought and manners been so rapid and far-reaching as in the two generations that have arisen in our country since that night. And it is certain that Florence Nightingale, when she embarked without fuss in the packet, was quite unconscious how much she was contributing to so vast a change.

One memory almost alone still keeps a familiar air, suggesting something that lies perhaps permanently at the basis of man's nature. The present-day detractors of all things new, of every step in advance, every breach in routine, every promise of emancipation, and every departure from the commonplace, would feel themselves quite at home among the evil tongues that spewed their venom upon a courageous and noble-hearted woman. They would recognise as akin to themselves the calumny, scandal, ridicule, and malignity with which their natural predecessors pursued her from the moment that she took up her heroic task to the time when her glory stifled their breath. She went under Government direction; the Queen mentioned her with interest in a letter; even the

"Times" supported her, for in those days the "Times" could not be assumed the enemy of every noble cause, and its own correspondent, William Russell, had himself first made the suggestion that led to her departure. But neither the Queen, the Government, nor the "Times" could silence the born backbiters of greatness. Cowards, startled at the sight of courage, were alert with jealousy. Pleasure-seekers, stung in the midst of comfort, sniffed with depreciation. Culture, in pursuit of prettiness, passed by with artistic indifference. The narrow mind attributed motives and designs. That refined and respectable women should go on such an errand—how could propriety endure it? No lady could thus expose herself without the loss of feminine bloom. If decent women took to this kind of service, where would the charm of womanhood be fled? "They are impelled by vanity, and seek the notoriety of scandal," said the envious. "None of them will stand the mere labor of it for a month, if we know anything," said the physiologists. "They will run at the first rat," said masculine wit. "Let them stay and nurse babies," cried the suburbs. "These Nightingales will in due time become ringdoves," sneered "Punch."

With all that sort of thing we are familiar, and perhaps every age has known it. The shifts to which the "Times" was driven in defence show the nature of the assaults:—

"Young," it wrote of Florence Nightingale, "young (about the age of our Queen), graceful, feminine, rich, popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintance are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents."

"About the age of our Queen," "rich," "feminine," "happiest at home," "with accomplished relatives," and "simply obedient to her parents," she being then thirty-five—those were the points that the "Times" knew would weigh most in answer to her accusers. With all that sort of thing, as we said, we are familiar still; but there was one additional line of abuse that has at last become obsolete. For weeks after her arrival at Scutari, the papers rang with controversy over her religious beliefs. She had taken Romish Sisters with her; she had been partly trained in a convent. She was a Papist in disguise, they cried; her purpose was to clutch the dying soldier's spirit and send it to a non-existent Purgatory, instead of to the Hell it probably deserved. She was the incarnation of the Scarlet Woman; she was worse, she was a Puseyite, a traitor in the camp of England's decent Church. "No," cried the others, "she is worse even than a Puseyite. She is a Unitarian; it is doubtful whether her father's belief in the Athanasian Creed is intelligent and sincere." Finally, the climax in her iniquities of mind and conduct reached its height, and she was publicly denounced as a Supralapsarian. We doubt whether, at the present day, envy's utmost malignity would go so far as to call a woman that.

We dwell on the opposition and abuse that beset Florence Nightingale's undertaking, because they are pleasanter and more instructive than the sentimentality into which her detractors converted their abuse when her achievement was publicly glorified. It is significant that, in its minute account of the Crimean war, the "Annual Register" of the time appears to have made no mention of her till the war was over and she had received a jewel from the Queen. Then it uttered its little complaint that "the gentler sex seems altogether excluded from public reward." Well, it is matter for small regret that a great woman should not be offered such titles as are bestowed upon the failures in Cabinets, the contributors to party funds, and the party traitors whom it is hoped to restrain from treachery. But whether a peerage would have honored her or not, there is no question of the disservice done to the truth of her character by those whose sentimental titles of "Lady with the Lamp," "Leader of the Angel Band," "Queen of the Gracious Dynasty," "Ministering angel, thou!" and all the rest of it have created an ideal as false as it is mawkish. Did the sentimentalists, at first so horrified at her action, really suppose that the service which in the end they were compelled to admire could ever have been accomplished by a soft



and maudlin being such as their imagination created, all brimming eyes and heartfelt sighs, angelic draperies and white-winged shadows that hairy soldiers turned to kiss?

To those who have read her books and the letters written to her by one of the sanest and least ecstatic men of her day, or have conversed with people who knew her well, it is evident that Florence Nightingale was at no point like that. Her temptations led to love of mastery and impatience with fools. Like all great organisers of quick and practical determination, she found extreme difficulty in suffering fools gladly. To relieve her irritation at folly, she wrote her private opinions of their value on the blotting-paper while they chattered. It was not for angelic sympathy or enthusiasm that Sidney Herbert chose her in his famous invitation, but for "administrative capacity and experience." Those were the real secrets of her great accomplishment, and one remembers her own scorn of "the commonly received idea that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse." It was a practical and organising power for getting things done that distinguished the remarkable women of the last century, and perhaps of all ages, far more than the soft and sugary qualities which sentimentality has delighted to stick over its ideal of womanhood, while it talks its pretty nonsense about chivalry and the weakness of woman being her strength. As instances, without research, one could recall Elizabeth Fry, Sister Dora, Josephine Butler, Mary Kingsley, Miss Octavia Hill, Mrs. F. G. Hogg (whose labor secured the Employment of Children Act and the Children's Courts), and a crowd more in education, medicine, natural science, and political life. But, indeed, we need only point to Queen Victoria herself, her strong nature torn by the false ideal which made her protest no good woman was fit to reign, while all the time she was reigning with a persistent industry, a mastery of detail, and a truthfulness of dealing rare among any rulers, and at intervals illuminated by a sudden glory.

"Woman is the practical sex," said George Meredith, almost with over-emphasis, and certainly the saying was true of Florence Nightingale. In far the best appreciation of her that has appeared this week—an appreciation written by Harriet Martineau before her own death thirty-four years ago, and published last Monday in the "Daily News"—that distinguished woman says: "She effected two great things—a mighty reform in the cure of the sick, and an opening for her sex into the region of serious business." The reform of hospital life and sick nursing, whether military or civil, is near fulfilment now, and it is hard to imagine such a scene as those Scutari wards where, in William Russell's words, the sick were tended by the sick and the dying by the dying, while rats fed upon the corpses and the filth could not be described. But though her other and much greater service is, owing to its very magnitude, still far from fulfilment, it is perhaps even harder for us to imagine the network of custom, prejudice, and sentiment through which she forced the opening that Harriet Martineau describes.

#### ON BEAUTIFUL WORDS.

A COMPETITION of great interest was announced in the "Problem" page of a recent Saturday "Westminster," a prize being offered for the best collection of twenty-five beautiful words. The selection was to be made from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, and English, or from any three of these languages. It would be a fascinating, if laborious, task to examine the lists sent in by the various competitors, and so to discover what are considered the supremely beautiful words of the world by those interested in such things. For our own part, we confess we are not greatly attracted by the two lists which divided the prize between them. The words "welcome," "farewell," "loveliness," "gentle," and "fairly" in the first list do not strike us as being intrinsically beautiful—they seem chosen for sentimental reasons, and rather for their meaning than their sound. This list contains at least one superlatively beautiful word—"haven." The commentator quotes as an illustration of its use that

loveliest verse of the Psalms: "So he bringeth them into the haven where they would be." He might have added the lines:—

"And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill."

The beauty of a word is no doubt greatly enhanced by the beauty of its meaning, but there must be an intrinsic beauty of sound to make the word, in the true sense, beautiful. Mr. Ruskin says somewhere that the word "swallow" absolutely sounds differently when used of the bird than when used of the process of consuming food. This is true, but no number of pleasant associations can ever make the word "swallow" a beautiful word.

Many competitors no doubt selected such words as "truth," "peace," "honor," "charity," "kindliness." These have beautiful meanings, but they are hardly beautiful words. In our judgment a double test must be satisfied—the word must be beautiful in itself, and it must evoke some beautiful concrete image, a sight, or at any rate a sound, not merely a sentiment or idea. Most beautiful words are nouns—the names of beautiful things. There are, of course, exceptions. "Romance," for instance, is a very noble word, which has no single definite concrete image attached to it.

The selection of beautiful words in most instances goes first to the vocabulary of love-making. Here the result is a little disappointing. The "Westminster" adjudicator, for instance, says, "kiss and kuss are even worse in the plural than they are in the singular," and what shall we say of the Scots "buss"? "Sweetheart" is no doubt a lovely word, breathing a fragrance of tender constancy. Very little can be made of wedding words. The word "wedding" in itself is not beautiful, neither are such words as "sposo," "époux," "fiancé," "noces." Terms of endearment, indeed, yield some singularly lovely words, the two most beautiful of all being the Spanish "guerrido" and the French "ma chérie." Many names of things which should be beautiful as a matter of fact are not. The word for "eyes," for example, in all languages (save perhaps English) is positively ugly—*ὀφθαλμοί*, "oculi," "occhi," "ojos," "augen."

The supremely beautiful words appear to be mostly connected with light, water, or music, and the names of a few birds and flowers. For instance, the French "alouette" should surely find a place in any selection. It is the name, not of a bird—"bird thou never wert"—but of the "blithe spirit" of the poem. It is better even than the Italian "ludola," which is itself a flame of praise. Blitheness, indeed, seems to belong to French above all other tongues. "Hirondelle," again, is the best European name for the swallow, better even than "rondine" ("pellegrina rondinella") or "golondrina": from this word, by the way, comes the beautiful place-name, Arundel. The same fresh gaiety is in the French word "Avril." It is the spring in five letters. "April" with its "p" is pedestrian—"Avril" with its "v" is volatile. "P," by the way, is the ugliest of letters—"v" the most beautiful. "Marguerite," again, is a word of royal beauty. "Rose," of course, is one of the great words of the world. The joining of "rose" with "Mary" in "rosemary," in the opinion of the writer, affords the most perfectly beautiful word existing in any language. "Ros maris," "the dew of the sea," "the spray of the sea," "the Rose of Mary," "Mary mine who art Mary's rose." The names of precious stones seem often filled with a soft, glowing light. The twelve foundations of the wall of the heavenly City afford some lovely words—"jasper," "sapphire," "emerald," "chrysolite," "beryl," "jacinth," "amethyst." "Beryl" is a well of light—a beryl might well be the magic mirror of Rossetti's poem. The "entire and perfect chrysolite" is Shakespeare's symbol of perfection. "Amber" is more lovely even than these—it is one of the supremely and intrinsically beautiful words. With the names of precious stones rank the words suggesting the music and motion of water, as "wave," "ripple," "foam." The charm of this last word is hard to analyse, but Keats knew it with his

"Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn,"

and Tennyson with his

"Such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too still for sound or foam."

The word "reed," again, is beautiful with suggestions both of water and music. "Cadence" is an exquisite word. Talking of music, the Italian "viola" is sheer loveliness, and only less lovely is our English "violin." "Carillon" has in it all the joyful clamor of bells. One must still find room for "echo," "beheld of no man, only heard upon meadow or mere."

The writer has been quoting only words from English, and from Latin and the Romance languages. It seems to him that for the most part neither Greek nor German words are beautiful. He pauses a moment over *θάλασσα*, but cannot think it nearly as good as "mare." No such word for a seafarer as "mariner" can be got out of *θάλασσα*. From Ulysses to him who shot the albatross, "mariner" is a word saturated with romance. The writer would, however, include in his list, *μήλισσα*, the mother of honey and all sweetness. A place, too, should be found for *ἄγγελος*. The Greek form *ἄγγελος* has not the associations of the glorious Latin "Angelus"—its sound of clanging bells announcing "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ." With Latin and Italian words the only difficulty is to choose. "Stella" must have a place. The line "Ave, Maris Stella" is composed of three perfectly beautiful words. "Umbra," again is very noble; "pulvis et umbra sumus." "Basilica," once more, is a magnificent word. The sound of "sonorous" is completely satisfying. The writer's selection of Italian words would be "sorella," "fiamma," "campagna," "canzone," "dolcezza," "Campagna," filled with the majesty of Rome; "canzone," a proverb of sweetness; "fiamma," the name of the Blessed Souls in Dante. We must not run on adding word to word, but we cannot refrain from adding the magnificent word "Giovèdi," the best European word for the dominant day of the week, Thursday.

Beautiful letters would seem to be the secret of beautiful words. The beautiful consonants are "v" and "z," "m," "r," and "l." The "v" is the charm of "Avril," of "viola," of "violin," of "vintage" (a magnificent word), of "haven," of "wave," of "cavern," of "olive," of "mavis," of "venture." The combination of "m" with "b" and "r" is always beautiful. It gives such words as "umbra," or "amber," or "ember" (a truly divine word), or the name of the Zulu musical instrument "marimba." This last is a word infinitely removed from vulgarity, a word of the world well lost, or never known, of contentment with a sufficing happiness. For arrangements of "m" with "r" or "l," or illustrations showing the value of "r," the writer suggests "maremma," "mirror," "merry," "arrow," "mellow." The last is a completely beautiful sound.

"The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,"  
is a perfect line.

In fact, if we want to find the beautiful words we must go to the poets for them. Such words as those mentioned in this paper occur constantly in the "Lotus Eaters," or the "Ode to the Nightingale." Those are beautiful words that we find used by Keats or Tennyson or Dante, or best of all by the old ballad makers, who made their poems simply and naturally as the men they sang to made flutes and arrows and suchlike simple, beautiful things.

#### THE SECOND SUMMER.

THERE are, as the flowers tell us very well, more than four seasons of the year. Not perhaps so many as twelve, but after autumn and winter, say, two springs and two summers. In February begins the spring of the colt's-foot, the blackthorn, the daffodil. In April comes the extravagance of primroses, hawthorn, and bluebells with the exquisite pinking and snowing of the orchards and the decking of the garden with laburnum, lilac, and, lastly, rhododendron. Let June and July be devoted to the rose alone, though she is queen over an almost countless court. But possibly our gardeners have done her a

dis-service by prolonging her bloom into August and September, which have blooms of their own more distinctive than the flora of nearly every other season.

There is a deliberateness and a grandeur, a mellowness and a completeness about the early autumn flowers that do not belong to the others. The colt's-foot and the garden *Petasites* are in such a hurry to bloom that they come up all flowers and no leaves. Crocus, daffodil, tulip, and hyacinth show you the blossoms they intend to open, as soon as the leaves with which they will make blossoms for another year. The buds of hawthorn, apple, laburnum, and even the rose can be counted almost as soon as the leaves unfold. There is not so much a growth as the unfolding of what has already grown. Loaded with the inheritance of last summer, their work of this year is very much the provision of ready-made blooms for the next. As they hurried to their opening, so they hurry to their seeding, lavishly shedding honey for the strictly business section of the insects, then as soon as possible dropping their petals and getting on with the business of fruit-making. The succession of species deceives us with an impression of gaiety, but the mood of each one of them is feverish anxiety. Goldsmith's gorse, "unprofitably gay," is, perhaps, the greatest hustler of them all.

It is true that the business of every flower is the same, but by comparison with any other time August and September are Flora's holiday months. The story of nearly every flower in the garden now is different at every point from that just written. The annuals have been slowly elaborated from seed, and are far more apparently the work of this single summer. The leaf first, without the least sketch of the blossom that is to be; stalk and whorl, branch and more leaves; then, according to the success of each individual plant, the planning, the laying down, the growing, and the unfolding of the blossoms. That is the end. When it is achieved there is, as it were, a little time to enjoy life. There will be time for the setting of the seeds, which need not be planted much before the winter frosts. Insects are now so numerous that there is not much object in barring out this one or attracting that to a specially contrived honey-jar. Bee, fly, wasp, butterfly are welcome to come and enjoy with the flowers this evening of plenty.

The queen of the August garden is assuredly the phlox. It has not been hurried into the thousand shades of the rose or the sweet pea, partly because it cannot be budded or annually selected from seed, partly because it is of more constant nature. Nevertheless, its hues are well varied, none of them striking us as unphloxlike, all looking well in the cellular bunches of unbroken color that make the flower so distinctive. We like those without very distinct eyes best, and best of all, we think, the white. But a long avenue of pink or "scarlet" or salmon color is as fair an epitome of the August garden as heart of man could desire. At the risk of repetition we would assert here that a large part of our love for the phlox is accounted for by the miraculous way in which its blossoms annually appear at the ends of the apparently barren shoots. In July you could swear that never a bud will come between those two close-pressed leaves that end the shoot. And then there comes bristle after bristle, like angels standing on the point of a needle, and a bunch of bloom that you could not encompass with two hands.

And there stand the tall hollyhocks (or should it be holly oaks?) plastered with rosettes of color that last day after day without fading, a never-ending feast for the humble bees—a joy to the gardener. We have written that with a little hesitation. The hollyhock stands on the verge of banishment from many gardens. Its memories do not appeal to us in the winter months. Its big leaves take up a lot of room in the summer, and then we listen rather easily to the sneers of the cultured against its ungainliness. The hollyhocks come up without our care and in spite of our disapproval, and then in August they recapture our hearts just so much as to make us say that we are not sorry they have come. As a matter of fact, if we can love them it makes us feel young, and that is everything. But we



know those who perceive their own love for the hollyhock, for whom the horticulturist produces new varieties every year, and who make of its tall masts not merely the essential finishing touch, but one of the most beautiful features of the autumn garden.

The sunflower has not been so much cultivated, though judging from what has happened to the hieraciums of the same natural order, there may be triumphs in store. The butterfly-lover cannot be without the sunflower, whose jolly round face is the rendezvous of all the autumn beauties that fly. It is not complete without a pair of red admirals winking their broad wings upon it, while an envious humble bee and some drone flies wait impatiently in the air for their roomy magnificences to go off elsewhere. For frank handsomeness you need not go beyond the red admiral, but the pentstemon has a guest whose visits are far more precious. We do not see it come, so rapid is its flight, but we suddenly see it poised before the flower on wings that move so rapidly that they are invisible. There is the speed of a bullet stored in those wings, but the insect manages to let out so much only as to advance it or withdraw it a mere tenth of an inch, so that it is exactly distanced for reaching its tongue to the bottom of the flower's tube. Then it vanishes as it came, as though the light of a magic lantern had been cut from a screen. No better name has anything than this, the humming-bird hawk moth, whose flight so closely resembles that of the bird beauties of tropical America that Brazilians have declared that they have seen humming-birds in England.

The summer is not a lost one that can bring a humming-bird hawk moth to the pentstemons in August. Some have said that the butterflies have all been drowned. No doubt we have seen on a day such as this more small tortoiseshells than there are now on the African marigolds, but we can find an excellent reason for that. Hark! There is the hot-weather "click" of a peacock's wings. He sails disdainfully over our once irresistible border of sweet-scented stocks, of lavender, of bergamot, veronica, Michaelmas daisy, golden rod, shrubby spiræa, and is lost in a distant part of the shrubbery. There we find him by no means alone. The buddleia of two years' planting has a tangle of canes about four feet long. Every one has more branches than a hand has fingers, and every finger is a foot-long spike packed as tightly with lavender-blue blossoms as an ear of maize with corn. As fast as the base withers, the tip lengthens, and the flame of blossom crawls up the stalk till it is utterly consumed with beauty. There is a whole month's entertainment here for all the butterflies in the county. There is a reek of nectar in the air like that of an open beehive, and it has served so well that surely all the butterflies in the county are here. Red admirals, tortoiseshells, peacocks, brimstones, not the winter-stored specimens that come almost as thickly to the shallow blooms in March, but spick-and-span butterflies of the year, spreading their magnificence on the tessellated spikes or towering in the air in furious fight, or sliding through the sunshine from one vantage to another. All this splendor, in some respects an unusual splendor by comparison with former years, has come out of the cold, grey days that week by week displaced our rose-summer. Out of the unripened wood of last year, out of the rank, sappy growth of this, quite the usual magnificence of the second summer has come.

## Pictures of Travel.

### COLLINS'S BAY.

Why should the English reader care about Collins's Bay? He has never been there, and never will go, however often he tour the Empire. Collins is only slightly remembered, even in Canadian history, and it is only too likely that his Bay has seen its best days. And yet the spot is a place of memories indelible for some, and for the writer. Not that anything of much account

ever happened there, or is associated with the name and the neighbourhood, except that there Englishmen live in a new land—a new life with new interests and old.

When, a hundred years ago and more, the United Empire Loyalists left the United States because they preferred King George to a Republic, half, perhaps, of the hundred thousand of them went to the Maritime Provinces, and for a century Nova Scotia and New Brunswick gave Canada an unusual proportion of its leading men. The rest crossed Lake Ontario and settled in a waste land, with the forest to be cleared, fields to be made, homes to be built, and a geography to be begun. The last they started on good Royalist lines. They set Kingston at the one end of the lake, where the St. Lawrence leaves it, and Queenston at the other, where the Niagara river falls into it; and the shore they dotted with the Royal Family—York, Cobourg, and so forth. The surveyor who laid out the country was Collins, and some six or seven miles along the shore west from Kingston is the little bay that keeps his name in quiet remembrance.

You can go to it by train—by a slow train. The car in which we made our one railway journey there comes back as one writes. The long afternoon had worn away, and the stage failed—there was nothing but the train. So by train we went, and made our first acquaintance with one of the stranger features of village life on the car itself. They were pedlars, Moravians, as it happened, by race, and they made friends with the baby on the short journey—pleasant women with kindly faces—and then our terminus was reached, and we parted to see each other no more. The villages see many of them of various races and strange countenances. The Italian is perhaps as common as any, but more striking are the Armenian and the Syrian. It seems a long way from Beyrouth across the ocean, but there they are, plying their trade from village to village, pack on back. The strangest encounter of all was with a woman, whose features suggested the Indian of the land—a strong face—someone that called for the man of the house to deal with her. And he did; and they talked in a friendly way of the road, and then somehow of pity, and the look she gave, as she explained that none dared pity her, remains.

But if you want to travel to Collins's Bay the right way, go by the road—out from Kingston along the Lake front, past the Penitentiary and the Asylum, set (in the true way of Governments) to spoil two lovely headlands—away out by the Catarqui creek, where the wild birds throng—past solitary farms, with their wooden houses and wooden barns—cheerful, quiet prosperity, with pleasant trees about the roads here and there, and then a patch all too bare. The grass grows broad by the roadside, and over the snake fences the wheat is ripening. No hedges here, for they would hold the snow in winter; only the old fence that zigzags along, built, it might be, without a nail, and in the angles the weeds grow freely, the towering mullein and the glorious golden-rod. And here along the fence comes a chipmunk, who pauses to look at you and your rig—the gentlest of all the squirrel and rat tribe, with a pretty, striped back. The wire fence that is replacing the lumber one denies him this private causeway. Now turn to the right, and up a long road away from the lake. Here, like the eagle's feather on Browning's moor, is a sight that never passes away—sulphur butterflies crowded round a little pool in the road. They scatter as we come up to them, and on we go. And now the Bath Road is our way—bear again to the left, and we are on it for the rest of our journey. For two miles we and the railroad run side by side till we come to a bluff that parts us, and as the far side of the bluff drops again to the level, the road suddenly swings to the right and goes straight across the lines. It is a famous death-trap, with many a story of sudden tragedy. The bluff intercepts the noise of the train and its warning bell, and however well you know it, the crossing may surprise you. The memory here is of a summer night—a black storm racing us home to Collins's Bay, the



darkness lit wildly at odd moments by lightning, and then all blacker than ever—an anxious eye on the outlook for the crossing—and we were on it before we guessed—and, thank God! over it.

And then memory keeps another picture of the rest of the road—the sunlight of a summer day, and the great swamp at the head of the bay, green and fringed with bulrushes, and out of the middle of it rises one of our common birds—the red-winged blackbird, a bird the right shape and color to pass a little way off for his less beautiful namesake, but on each shoulder a gleaming circle of red, like a sixpence. It is a land of pleasant birds. One never knew what spring meant till, after the months of snow, the dead leaves rustled on the ground as the robin scudded through them—not our English bird, but a fine, big thrush, with a gorgeous red breast, herald of spring, a sight to make him a friend for life. Summer brought “canaries,” as the village people call them, the Baltimore Oriole, black and yellow, like the Rugby football men at Clare, in Cambridge, and the humming bird. So we reach the village.

It straggles—a shop or two—a row of houses—the railway station rather behind—the post office, the heart of the village—a Methodist church—a rafting station—farms at greater and greater intervals, and you are out of the village and on the way to the old town of Bath, ten or twelve miles off. Our house was of stone, an old one, solidly built, just outside the village, where the road crossed a little creek, nothing between us and the lake but the road and a small belt of trees. Behind us was a ridge of limestone covered with wood, through which the cattle grazed. Behind, again, ran the railway; then a field or two, and the upper reaches of the creek, where, as in Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's sonnet, the cattle came to drink. Wonderfully near the soil those sonnets are, a revelation of Canada to any who wish to know its charm. The great memory of the creek was the heron that soared away one day—cows were well enough; men were poor company for him. Further back were other woods, denser and rather wilder; and away back of them, somewhere through the fields, lay another village.

Life went quietly with us—the days hot and dry all summer. But in the woods was cool and quiet. There one sat and read by the hour. The cows came and went among the trees—birds too—but the real room-mate was the squirrel, busy overhead with acorns. The canny little fellow knew the right piece to eat—a very little bit—and threw away the rest. There never was such a study—across the bay one saw the woods on another ridge, and overhead the cloudless blue sky of Canada.

Of night one can hardly speak. The day was hot, but when night came we wandered in the cool air along the road, on and up, the trees on each side lit by the fire-flies—a wonderful sight. And then one was clear of the trees—looked well over the grove between us and the water, out over the lake to the Brothers, islands beloved of gulls and fishermen. Never believe that size has not a magic of its own! Englishmen say it is nothing—quoting the old couplet about “growing like a tree.” But the vastness tells. It has a glory and a charm. Trust those who have watched the great lake at night, and looked out over those waters that spread two hundred miles without a shore. And the cedars, and the green fields, the old Bath Road, and the snake-fences by one's side. But if one says more, the less may be believed. Only it finds its way into your being, and stays there.

We had no squire and no parson—nor wanted them. The Methodist preacher, a student, came to us on Sundays. We were a democracy, and wanted no better—native-born and immigrants. The latter interested us perhaps more—we were of them. Here was a nurseryman with a garden and a wooden cottage—hard work and a mean house—but a child, whom one remembers as beautiful—and a great patch of tobacco told a tale of winter's comfort—no duty here on home-grown tobacco, if one

grew it oneself and smoked it oneself. There was the North of Ireland man, bred, he said, for the ministry, “but I was wild”; he had gone as a soldier to India, and here at last he had drifted—a tall figure, and well made, but drifting still. A Worcestershire gamekeeper was another of our neighbours—how one remembers him coming over the fields by the big woods! He carried a peacock's feather; he had seen the baby—would she like the feather? he asked. Poor man! His wife, they told us, was a “nigger-wench.” Our own farmer was native-born—a man of energy, with a passion like David Harum's for trading horses—he took one with him for it, and had tales to tell of horses and “gypsies,” and their tricks in selling. He had travelled—had worked on the railroad in Michigan. His brother-in-law, who drove a milk-waggon, a good friend of ours, came for a “certificate” one day, to be used in Mexico, to get him a job at laying railway lines. The people move as our English farmers would shudder to dream of moving. One man was off, as soon as the threshing was over, just to have a look at Manitoba, and see if it was any good to go there—a journey of 2,000 miles each way—and he was prosperous where he was.

They prosper, and they deserve to prosper. One feature of every day was the passing of two separate milk waggons gathering milk for two separate cheese-factories, run on co-operative lines by the farmers themselves. One was a long way from England.

Once a month, perhaps, during the summer, a steamer came with lumber from somewhere up the lake, or on one of the upper lakes. Then the village was active indeed. No fishing now—nor, indeed, meat, for any but the raft-builders. We were idle folk among busy, and had to fall back on eggs, but eggs and green corn in the cob will do, if you have plenty of the corn. All were at work on the rafts who had not their tasks on their own farms. Great drams they built, lashing the huge baulks together with twisted saplings, and dram to dram in the same way, to go down the river with a tug to guide the great structure. At night this sight is beautiful—the raft outlined by lamps upon the dark water. When they come to rapids the drams are separated and taken down one by one, to be re-linked below. This happens several times on the way to Quebec, where the lumber is packed on ocean-going ships for Liverpool. Busy days and strange men; for strangers came among us to work at the rafts, Indians from Caughnawaga, talking in Iroquois, soft and musical to the ear.

Globe-trotting is very well. One would have liked to see the great Dominion from ocean to ocean—the prairies, the glaciers, the Pacific. But those who know it so never know it as we do. From one centre to another they move, and if they see the inside of houses they are all in one social stratum. The ideas are gathered from Colonials of one kind—who visit England. For the mind of the people you must go elsewhere. The traveller sees the country, but in the village one learns the minds of men.

Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viae, said Rome's last poet. And the minds of men are worth the knowing. Know Canada in this way, and you will not despair of the future of a people of workers, whose sons and daughters you know and like and honor.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE POLICY OF PIUS X.

#### II.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Cardinal Merry del Val's centralising jealousy appears constantly, in little things as in important ones. Sometimes it appears in a ludicrous light. We are not surprised to see that the Episcopal Assemblies, which form so conspicuous a part of Catholic life in Germany, still remain forbidden in France. Though nearly two-

thirds of the bishops have been appointed in the last six years by the Vatican, the Secretary of State does not forget that the first Assembly moved resolutions which went directly against his wishes; and he will not let them run the risk once more of feeling independent on seeing themselves numerous. This, although disappointing, is in the natural course of events. But it is not natural that the lieutenant of the Pope should be jealous of the relations of individual bishops with the Pope. This is, however, what was seen on the occasion of Archbishop Fuzet's visit to Rome, when the formation of ecclesiastical associations for mutual assistance was at issue. The Archbishop called twice on the Pope, and became so sure of his approval of the associations that he telegraphed it to his diocesan paper. Whereupon he called on the Secretary of State, who refused to see him, and ordered, or, at any rate, suffered, the "*Corrispondenza Romana*" to print that no approbation had been given to the associations, or if it had been given, it was only verbally, which, of course, could not be sufficient. Such is the importance attached at the Secretariate to oral communications between the Pope and the bishops.

It is not so easy to keep a hand upon the amorphous mass of the faithful as upon the Episcopal body, and Cardinal Merry del Val strives to the utmost to impress upon Catholics the necessity and duty of being Catholics; that is to say—in his interpretation of the phrase—dependent on Rome in every detail of even their charitable or civic life. Nothing is so cordially detested at the Vatican as what is called *interconfessionalism*, or a secular spirit (*laïcisme*). The speech of an American Catholic, "I get my religion from Rome, but not my politics," is censured there much more bitterly than it was by the Vicar-General of New York. There should be no line drawn between the religion of a man and the rest of his life. Here is, for instance, the argument urged against M. Marc Sangnier, the leader of the Sillon movement—to compel him to bring his political action under clerical control. You are, he is told, a democrat in politics and a Catholic in belief. Very well; but a democrat cannot hope to do the people any good unless his democracy makes them more moral; and how is it to make them more moral unless it makes them more religious? *Ergo*, politics are intimately connected with religion.

Again—also against M. Marc Sangnier. You associate in so-called purely charitable works with Protestants and unbelievers. But, don't you know that a purely unconfessional association is an impossibility? Men's religious beliefs are sure to come through their most banal opinions. If you have no certainty—as you cannot—that your beliefs will outweigh those of your associates, you have no right to give them the benefit of your help. Such or such-like reasonings can be daily met with in the religious papers, and it is on the strength of this logic that the Sillon has been repeatedly blamed, the Italian Catholics forbidden to stand for Parliament, except with a special permission from a Roman congregation, and Bishop Turinaz attacked and disowned for advising the electors in his diocese to support and unite with moderates and good men of any religious shade.

The same logic is also responsible for a considerable—though gradual—modification in what used to be called the policy of Leo XIII. The late Pope had thought that the one chance of the French Catholics was to give up constitutional opposition—whether royalist or imperialist—and decidedly become Republican Catholics. This had been called the *ralliement*. For this view another was substituted, about a year ago, of which Colonel Keller was made the mouthpiece, and the "*Univers*" became the daily champion. The Pope's wish, Colonel Keller repeats everywhere, is that the Catholics should all gather on one ground and under one banner. And what ground and banner can they choose except the one about which they cannot be at variance? Let them be entirely and exclusively Catholic and give up their old political platforms: so will they be one and strong. At first sight nothing seems more logical and rational. But formulas are always interpreted by facts. This substitution of the religious for the so-called political ground means something more than the adoption of a

purely religious attitude: it means the abandonment of the Republican loyalty which Leo XIII. had advised, and the step is of capital importance. At the present moment a Catholic who calls himself a Republican is sure to displease the Vatican. A Frenchman cannot well be loyal at once to the Pope and to the Government of his country.

Does this amount to saying that Cardinal Merry del Val is a royalist at heart and favors the royalist movement? It would, at first sight, seem so. Colonel Keller, the new favorite, is a Royalist; whereas M. Piou, the rejected adviser of old, is a Republican. Yet those who come near the Secretary of State maintain that the fortunes of the Duke of Orleans do not interest him. In fact, it does not appear that the presence of monarchs in Spain, Austria, and Portugal is much help to the Pontifical policy. The abandonment of the old watchword, therefore, seems to be rather a development of the centralising plan I have tried to expose than a real political shifting. Catholics, politically as well as economically, must be isolated from their own fellow-subjects that they may be the more exclusively and securely in the grip of the Curia. If I had more space I would show that this apparent indifference to the Government of one's country is bound to develop itself into hostility—a recent controversy about the Diocesan Unions would show it—and that the war which the Vatican longs for is sure to result in more crushing defeats; but it goes without saying. Real Catholics are too few in France—three or four millions—to adopt a warlike attitude. Their sole chance lies, not in regaining a supremacy which they have lost for generations and only kept in appearance, but in showing the worth of their doctrine by the vitality of their interior development at a period when everybody is looking round for a solid moral basis. Unfortunately, the cut-and-dried theology which underlies the Pope's and his Secretary's action completely precludes this reading—no matter how easy—of the situation.

Whatever is or looks like Tsarism entails the vices inherent in complaisant human nature. Absolutism never breeds noble obedience, and must often put up with ignoble servitude. M. Pernot devotes a considerable part of his book to the rôle played in the past few years by the "*Corrispondenza Romana*" and its editor, Monsignor Benigni. This prelate was, during the previous pontificate, a Liberal totally devoted to the ideas of Leo XIII., a democrat in politics and in political economy. He is intelligent and deeply read in history and the social sciences, an experienced journalist withal, and better versed in the realities of modern life than all the Roman monsignori together. Of his principles it is useless to speak. Suffice it to say that, when Cardinal Merry del Val consented to make a direct use of the Press in the interests of his policy, the Abate Benigni was entrusted with the organisation of the Vatican Press agency, and adopted as enthusiastically the ideals and methods of the new government as he had been devoted to those of Rampolla. From that day the "*Corrispondenza Romana*" became not only a power, but a terror. The paper purports to be neither official nor even inspired: this makes easy occasional disowning of very frequent lies. But it is difficult to understand how an unofficial paper could get hold, in the first few months of its existence, of a most secret petition from the German Catholics to the Pope for a reform of the Index, and of the even more private correspondence of Father Tyrrell with the Roman authorities. At any rate, it is certain that throughout Christendom every bishop knows that he incurs the displeasure of the Vatican if he contradicts or disobeys the "*Corrispondenza*"; and in France—especially since the transformation of the paper and its exclusive publication in French under the title "*Correspondance de Rome*"—the whole religious press, and practically the whole of the Episcopate, are ruled by it. A courageous Franciscan friar could say, a few weeks ago, in a fearless little review entitled "*La Bonne Parole*," that the notorious M. Rocafort, one of the chief contributors to the "*Correspondance*," was the *survéque* of France, and that the real bishops, thanks to their dread of that rag, have been writing the history of their



churches in water. Nobody contradicted him; the bishops less than anybody else.

A whole volume could be filled with instances of the detestable influence of Monsignor Benigni's eclipical sheet (it appears very irregularly). Let me just state that the contradiction inflicted on the Archbishop of Rouen, of which I spoke above, appeared in it, and that the few bishops who have remained loyal to the Sillon are treated by it with the utmost scorn, concealing the most furious rage. The Bishop of Nice, in particular, was bracketed in its columns with a notorious atheist. As to the Catholic Press, the very existence of such a journal altogether nullifies it. One instance will especially appeal to the English reader. About a year ago the "Croix," which is looked upon nowadays at the Vatican as a Liberal paper, printed three articles from the pen of one of its writers, M. Janne, reporting favorable judgments from three Catholic politicians on the famous address delivered at Périgueux by M. Briand. On the appearance of the last article a threatening editorial in the "Correspondance" hinted that such a treason would soon get its due. And, in fact, a few days afterwards a telegram from the Vatican enjoined upon the editor of the "Croix" to dismiss his collaborator immediately. It could not be done the same evening, as all the editorial staff threatened to strike, but it was done two days later. I confess it takes all the misconceived idea of duty of a man like the editor of the "Croix" to obey such an order, but what is one to think of those capable of giving the order?

So much for the "Correspondance de Rome." But whoever wants to understand the Pontifical policy ought to make up his mind to read its Franco-Italian gibberish. The real beacon is there.

Perhaps the most immoral consequence of these methods of government is the lowering of a body of such antiquity and such traditional dignity as the French Episcopate. All the bishops—excepting just the six who have the heroism to remain loyal to Marc Sangnier—are terrified, and some of them are terrified into a base attitude of acquiescence to everything, or an even more undignified attitude of rebellion against the French Government, which they imagine will secure them the good-will of the Vatican. It is painful to see the efforts which Bishop Gieure, of Bayonne, and Cardinal Andrieu, of Bordeaux, will make at intervals to compel the French Government to imprison them. Whatever doubts one may have about M. Briand's sincerity, it takes more than a common portion of naïveté to imagine that he would ever fall into such a snare.

More than painful it also is to see a mere journalist on the "Libre Parole" sending round a circular to all the bishops of France and obtaining answers from them—mostly unfavourable—on the subject of the Sillon. But in times of panic the barking of a puppy will frighten an army.

M. Pernot's book does not touch on all the facts I have been mentioning in these two letters, but it describes the atmosphere in which they take place admirably, and that will give it permanent value.—Yours, &c.,

GALLICAN.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE AGRICULTURAL POLICY IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I will answer the letter of the Vice-President of the Department as briefly as possible. He renews the charge that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society is political in its aims and objects. Let us be quite frank about this. Nobody in Ireland cares two straws about the charge of being political in any other sense than when reference is made to the question of self-government or the land question. When Sir Horace Plunkett pledged his movement to be non-political, he specified these two issues as the ones which divided Irishmen, and he promised that his Organisation would never intervene one way or another when these contentious questions were discussed. That pledge, we maintain, was faithfully kept. The organisers

of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society have convinced one hundred thousand farmers in Ireland that the economic policy they inculcated was right, and at least eighty thousand of these farmers must be Nationalists; and they have supported the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society loyally, and never more so than this year, when the Vice-President of the Department wantonly revived the old hostility to the movement. The farmers of Ireland are with us in this controversy. The Vice-President of the Department has, after the most strenuous exertions, only found three small farmers' associations to back him up, while up to date nearly two hundred of the largest and best-managed co-operative associations in Ireland, representing between twenty and thirty thousand farmers, have, by resolution, affirmed their confidence in the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. These expressions of opinion are coming in day by day. The Nationalist farmers of Ireland have never had any mistrust of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. They have had twenty years' experience of its work, and they are not such bad Nationalists, nor such stupid politicians, as not to have found us out long ago, if we were the anti-national intriguers Mr. T. W. Russell says we are. While Sir Horace Plunkett pledged his movement that it would be non-political, he never pledged it not to hit back if attacked; and what we assert is that every attack on politicians has been made only in answer to attacks on the Organisation movement, that we have confined ourselves to the co-operative issue and this issue only, that we have done so with the approval of Irish farmers of all shades of politics. But because we have dared to defend ourselves and our movement, we are accused of hostility to a political party, the subtle insinuation being that we are opposed to the national aspiration of Irishmen in wishing for self-government. I challenge Mr. T. W. Russell, or the leader of the Irish Party, to furnish a single instance where the non-political character of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society was violated. It is no use vaguely referring to articles, letters, or speeches, if these are not produced. We ask for an open trial on this point, and not a secret investigation, with the evidence withheld from the accused. As for the instance the Vice-President quotes, it means nothing at all. We are continually being told that the politicians are fighting against us, and we just as continually say we will fight them on this issue. We have a right to exist and push our economic doctrine, and surely the right to defend ourselves is not to be denied to us.

The Vice-President says that traders in Ireland are hostile to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. I have before me two resolutions, passed a few weeks ago by the Councils of the Chambers of Commerce of Dublin and Belfast, who surely have some right to be considered as representing the views of the mercantile classes in Ireland. Both these bodies affirmed their approval of the principles on which we have been working, and, so far from protesting against State aid to agricultural co-operation, they actually stated that State aid ought to be given through a voluntary association, such as the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. The Vice-President of the Department can no more speak for the most important bodies of Irish traders than he can for the farmers.

It is extremely difficult when a controversy carried on for a long period in one country is introduced into another to convince new hearers of the relative conscientiousness in statement of either controversialist, but if your readers will glance back at my letter they will find that I said that Mr. Russell's statement that our credit banks were rotten institutions which would not pay two shillings and sixpence in the pound if sold up was a malicious statement altogether unjustified by anything Mr. Russell knew. Now, let us see how Mr. Russell deals with this. "I said that no money had been written off, that this sum of £600 was bad or doubtful, but I had not relinquished my efforts to secure it, and this is what Mr. George Russell calls a malicious statement altogether unjustified by anything he knew." Now, this carelessness of statement is just what we have continually to complain of. My statements were absolutely accurate, and, if necessary, I am prepared to send cuttings from papers showing from Mr. Russell's own words that he variously stated within a few weeks: first, that if sold up the societies would not pay two shillings and sixpence in



the pound; second, that he had actually lost £600; third, that he had written off nothing; and, fourth, that he might possibly lose between £500 and £600, but had not given up hope.

I and many other people in Ireland have been moved to much mirth by the hasty remodelling of the Vice-President's views about the necessity for credit banks after Lord Carrington's recent pronouncement. The French market gardeners never brought a crop to such swift market as the Vice-President has now found enthusiasm for agricultural credit societies. It is astonishing to find that a man who was convicted only a few weeks ago by the Select Committee on the Thrift and Credit Banks Bill of absolute ignorance on the subject should now come forward with schemes of his own. He confessed, in answer to Lord MacDonnell, that he had never personally examined a credit bank. He also made it clear he never read their rules. He did not know whether they were registered or not. He said there was no right of inspection, and he repeats this statement in his letter to you, and makes it a chief ground of complaint. Now the rules of every credit society in Ireland provide for the right of every person having an interest in the funds of the society to inspect the books. The rules could not be registered without this provision, which is a statutory obligation. Every society therefore which had borrowed money from the Department was bound by law to submit its books for inspection if required. This was pointed out to Mr. Russell by a member of the Select Committee, but the Vice-President has no memory for inconvenient facts; and he, who never examined into the working of a society, never read their rules nor the Act under which societies are constituted, now makes his main grievance about them that there is no right of inspection. He also had to confess to the Committee that he was unaware of the nature of the security he had from these societies. He told the Committee he had only the security of two members of the societies, whereas if he had taken the trouble to read the rules or the bond he referred to, he would have seen that he had the security, not of two, but of from fifty to two hundred, farmers for every loan. The loans which might appear bad when only two men are considered as sureties must be considered in a different light when there are a hundred farmers or so behind those two, all equally liable.

I do not like to prolong this letter unduly, but, as you in England are considering the adoption of a policy for farmers in every way identical with that first advocated in these islands by the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, it is just as well to show with what authority a man speaks for or against this policy. Some societies Mr. Russell speaks of as "unprogressive." What does this mean in the terms of his inspector's report? Simply that they have no local deposits. Small farmers, with from five to ten acres of land, are not capitalists, and to label them as unprogressive, simply because they are poor, shows how little sympathy or understanding of their condition there is in the Vice-President's heart. The only test of progress is what farmers were and what they are now. Mr. Russell says there is no systematic audit. That is not accurate. He blames us because annual returns to the Registrar of Friendly Societies in Ireland are not sent in. It is the business of the Registrar to get these returns, and not the business of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society.

With regard to the proceedings taken by the Crown Solicitor, it sounds very awful, but, in some cases where we have been able to investigate, it amounts simply to this—that a demand was made for repayment of the loan. As the money advanced by the Department was lent out again to the members of the societies, it could not be withdrawn at once, under the terms of loans to borrowers, but extension of time was refused, and the matter put into the hands of the Crown Solicitor. That there are some few of these societies badly worked, I do not deny, but I think out of nearly three hundred, not two per cent. could be called bad, and in no case need money be lost, if the lender takes the trouble to understand the nature of the security he had and tries to realise it. I would need a much larger canvas to paint a true picture of the co-operative movement in Ireland than the space a letter affords, but our problems are your problems also, and this must be my excuse for the length of my letter.—Yours, &c.,

Dublin, August 16th, 1910. GEORGE W. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the last issue of THE NATION Mr. Russell has introduced my name in a letter in which he seeks to justify the opposition of the Liberal Government, as represented by himself, to the co-operative movement in Ireland. The situation certainly appears to need some explanation. England has borrowed the programme of agricultural co-operation from Ireland. But the system which one British Minister is building up in England is being torn down, as far as he can tear it, by another British Minister in its original home. What does this mean? Mr. Russell replies by declaring that Mr. John Redmond disapproves of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and that the same politician has pronounced the objects of that Society to be "clearly defined" in a letter written by me in 1907 to a professed friend of the movement in America. The clearly defined object, we are left to suppose, was one which made it impossible for the Department of Agriculture to co-operate further with the I.A.O.S., or even to acknowledge its existence.

May I then repeat the facts, which Mr. Russell has left under the veil, about my letter to Mr. Edward Devoy, of St. Louis? Sir Horace Plunkett had simply asked me and other friends to circulate the newspaper reports of a general meeting of the I.A.O.S. at which its policy was declared. He knew nothing of my covering letter, and was in no way responsible for its contents. Nor did I hold then, nor at any time, any official position in the Society. As regards the contents of the letter, I merely insisted on the elementary fact that Irish farmers ought not to place in a position to wreck their movement men who have been the bitter and unscrupulous enemies of agricultural co-operation ever since it was first started in Ireland, now twenty-one years ago. I was careful to point out—and this, indeed, was the main object of my letter—that the salutary and inevitable movement for rural organisation in Ireland meant no hostility to Home Rule, but was purely a movement of self-defence against the long-continued and unrelenting attacks of politicians who misused their position to injure and discredit the policy of self-reliance and self-help.

I might, indeed, have added that this policy was, in its essence, a Home Rule policy, and the only policy upon which Ireland can either win that measure or profitably use it when it comes. I have been a Home Ruler a great deal longer than Mr. Russell has—if that is what he is—and I intend to abide in that faith. But I cannot help recognising, as I think many other people in Ireland are now coming to do, that the grand obstacle to Home Rule is to be found in the narrow-mindedness and violence of those Irish politicians who were once the target for Mr. Russell's most vehement denunciations, and who have now succeeded in making him, and through him the Liberal Party, the chief agents of their destructive policy in Ireland.—Yours, &c.,

T. W. ROLLESTON.

Savile Club, August 15th, 1910.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of August 13th I observe that you say of Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech on Women's Suffrage, that "he rebuked Mrs. Fawcett's sneer at the Celts as incapable of government." I am sure you mean to be everything that is fair and straightforward, and that you will, therefore, allow me to say that I have never said or thought that Celts were incapable of government.—Yours, &c.,

MILlicent Fawcett.

August 16th, 1910.

[Mrs. Fawcett explains her point at some length in the "Times." It was that a specific speech of Mr. Lloyd George showed that the political genius of the Celt was "for destruction."—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reading of Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Woman Suffrage last week went, I think, a good deal beyond the text in its optimism. When you say that his undertaking to work for Woman Suffrage "points to the drafting of a Bill lying between the Conciliation Bill and Adult Suffrage," you are surely forgetting that the main burden

of the speech was a plea for delay, and almost indefinite delay. The constitutional crisis is first to be settled, and then the Welsh Disestablishment. After that, in the Chancellor's programme, Woman Suffrage may take its chance with Home Rule and other urgent issues. The work which Mr. Lloyd George proposes to do for Woman Suffrage is, I take it, to ruin the prospects of the only Bill which can command a majority in this Parliament, and to oppose the only group of members who are actively working for an early settlement. Perhaps such a Bill as you mention may be "drafted," but it clearly will not be pressed through Parliament for some years to come. May I, as a member of the Conciliation Committee, enter a caution against the facile assumption that a much larger measure can be drafted which would gain Conservative support? Ours was a large Committee, which grew, as the Session proceeded, until it numbered sixty members of all parties, including about twenty Conservatives. It held eight full meetings and several "emergency" meetings, and I think we may claim that every possibility was exhaustively discussed. Our Conservative colleagues are, on the whole, the keenest Suffragists, and also the most progressive of their party. Among them (I write after careful inquiry) not more than two or three would vote for a wider Bill, and most of the eighty-seven Suffragists in their party, including the ex-Ministers, would vote against a wider Bill. The Bill which some Radicals are suggesting (to enfranchise not merely a million women householders, but the five or six million wives of men householders) would fare hardly better than an out-and-out Adult Suffrage Bill. But I see no hint in Mr. Lloyd George's speech of any middle course. On the contrary, he held up Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Adult Suffrage Bill as his model, and said, emphatically, "If you are going to enfranchise women, you must do it all round." Adult Suffrage may be feasible ten or twenty years hence, but I have not yet encountered a single member who believes that a majority can be got for it in this Parliament.

The speech was full of reckless inaccuracies. What is the meaning of the statement that our Bill would "double the number of plural voters"? It expressly excludes all the qualifications—ownership, lodger, and graduate—under which plural or fagot voting commonly occurs in the case of men. If any other little loopholes remain we are ready to stop them, and have already tabled an amendment to meet all the objections which Mr. Churchill raised. Mr. Lloyd George asserted, without evidence, argument, or figures, that our Bill would not enfranchise a due proportion of working women. We have produced figures to show that, among the million whom it will enfranchise, over eighty per cent. are working women. He asserts that these are the more "dependent" members of their class. On the contrary, they are the self-dependent women, the wage-earners, the householders, the women who face all the responsibilities of life without the aid of a male breadwinner. In common with more than half the members of the Conciliation Committee, I am in favor of Adult Suffrage, and I will use no argument against the enfranchisement of the mass of married women, save that it is not practical politics now and at one stride. But we do contend that women who are their own mistresses, women who are the heads of households, have, as the franchise now stands, a certain priority of claim.

In his plea for delay, Mr. Lloyd George told the militant Suffragists to be as patient as the Welsh and Irish, who do not attack their "friends" of the Liberal Party. They have votes, and therefore have no excuse for militant tactics. But the Irish, in the hundred years which he reviewed in a summary glance, have risen in armed rebellion, resorted to dynamite, and assassinated a Liberal Minister. They allied themselves to the Liberal Party only after it officially adopted Home Rule, faced a schism, and lost a General Election over it. When Liberalism has done as much as that for Woman Suffrage, it may claim the forbearance due to friends. At present it refuses even to allow to a non-party Bill, which has an adequate majority in the Commons, to take its chance in Committee, and to face the ordeal of the Lords. That is not the conduct of a friend. It is not even the conduct of a fair-minded neutral.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE CONCILIATION COMMITTEE.

August 17th, 1910.

## "NATURE" AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The outburst which my humble suggestions of some such arguments as might weigh with a mere man has called forth amused, as well as amazed, me. Is the the feminine mind (which is not confined to women) really incapable of balancing a political, legal, or social problem? Can it never see "the other side" of a question? A female "advocate" is common enough, but a female judge seems beyond the bounds of possibility. Portia was only a cute advocate stimulated by personal emotions, essentially feminine.

With your permission, I will very briefly reply to some of my critics. The main bomb with which nearly every letter is charged is that women serve the State by becoming mothers—fathers apparently are of no account—and the only logical conclusion would appear to be that mothers only should have votes. That is rather hard on the spinsters, who are the least represented of their sex. But, of course, this is a mere rhetorical argument. The question is how the sons and daughters are to become of practical use in the business world of the State, not the fact that they are produced. For the leading professions, trades, and for the greater part of manual labor, I have pointed out that the daughters are, let us say, physically disabled, as my objectors appear to dislike the phrase "naturally disqualified." To say that they can do many other useful services does not meet the point. I do not suppose that any civilised Briton wishes to see women "labor as beasts of burden in the field," "yoked with oxen to the plough," "returning from work with loads a donkey would be ashamed of." Yet Miss Eveline Mitford appears to consider this reality in Spain or Russia or Japan as a subject for congratulation. My allusion to the limited possibilities of women doctors did not imply that the diseases of women and children were unimportant. The fact remains that no man would voluntarily call in a female doctor, while every man would appeal for and reverence a female nurse. Does not this point to some natural qualification and disqualification too deep to be dealt with in a letter?

"Men rather than women excel in many of the professions and trades, not because women could not follow them equally well, but precisely because so much of their time and strength is taken up by motherhood and teaching." So writes your correspondent, H. M. Swanwick, and I wish for no better statement of an argument against female suffrage, involving, as I think it must, the taking part in all political life.

Can any one say that the political activity of women, dating mainly from the foundation of the Primrose League, has tended to its elevation? The social pressure, the odious and degrading forms of canvassing, these have been found to be their special qualification.

Finally, what special grievance is there that women propose to remove, and that men will not remove at their bidding? All the Acts for the protection of women and children have been carried by men, influenced by women, and willingly listening to their freely spoken advocacy. Apparently, even a Midwives Bill can be adequately dealt with by a male Parliament! As to the great body of female factory workers, for whose appeal one feels most sympathy, will not trades unionism and combination bring them more help than any political agitation? Some inequalities in the Divorce Laws are hardly the subject for enthusiastic redress by the great body of women.

Thinking it all over, and with, may I humbly add, an admiration for women's activities, and a deep sympathy for their pains and physical penalties, recalling their absolute freedom of speech and combination, and the manifold protection afforded them by the State in the matter of their lives, their property, and their honor, I fail to see any advantage either to themselves, or to men in their establishment in political life, which is the beginning and end of their obtaining a Parliamentary vote.—Yours, &c.,

A MERE MAN.

August 16th, 1910.

P.S.—May I add one comment on Mr. J. Fergusson Roxburgh, who summarises my argument to this: "Woman must not sit at the supreme councils of the State because she does not make the council tables"? I quite agree that



if she was by nature unable to make the tables, and was physically incapable of sitting down at them, it were better for the State that she should not take part in its councils, assuming a table to be a *sine quâ non*.

#### "ON SOME OLD-FASHIONED PHRASES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read your article on this subject with great delight and with general agreement, though some of the phrases quoted are not so completely disused as the writer fancies. But please let me make two additions—both from Mr. Gladstone's vocabulary.

1. When a Liberal member made his maiden speech (I think in 1881), Mr. Gladstone turned to his next-door neighbor on the Treasury Bench, and said, with indescribable emphasis: "This fellow is a coxcomb."

2. After Mr. Jesse Collings had broken away from the Liberal Party, and had made some rather fatuous speeches against Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone, in a speech on a provincial platform, referred to him as: "A certain Mr. Jesse Collings, *forsooth*." No one says "forsooth" nowadays, but it carries a quaint sense of pitying contempt.—Yours, &c.,

Ex-M.P.

August 15th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reading your valuable and interesting article, "On Old-fashioned Phrases," this week, one or two comments came to mind which might not be altogether out of place. In the case of the word "whimsical," my experience is certainly different from that of the writer; for, though it is not in common use, I have heard it from time to time. "Gingerly" I hear very frequently in common parlance, almost as much so as "cautiously." "Nosegay," also, is not so obsolete, in my opinion, as the writer implies.

It is extraordinary how old phrases linger on, not only in out-of-the-way places and amongst the common people, but also in certain circles of cultured society. By a coincidence a happy instance of this was provided to-day in connection with the phrase "His trumpeter's dead." A lady used those words in a party here an hour or two before I read your article. No one else present knew the phrase, yet the lady assures us that she has elsewhere heard it frequently used.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT B. WHYTE.

August 13th, 1910.

#### EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your interesting article on exports and imports in last Saturday's issue, there are two points which—as one interested in Free Trade—I should be glad to have elucidated.

1. If imports should pay for exports, is not a falling-off in imports a bad thing, as showing a diminution of purchasing power on the part of the exporting population?

2. Will not the difference between exports and imports be made up in gold; and is not the present abundance of gold and consequent rise in prices traceable to this falling off in purchasing power?—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITELEY.

Cintra Furze Platt, Maidenhead,  
August 14th, 1910.

[The reply to the first question is Yes, and to the second No. Of course, a temporary movement for a particular month may have no significance at all. A rich country like ours always has a great excess of imports, because we are a creditor, and not a debtor, nation, and also because we own half the world's shipping. When gold accumulates faster than commodities the rise in prices so caused is international.—Ed., NATION.]

#### THE SENTIMENT OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The sentiment of war has been its stronghold. In ancient conflicts heroism and courage played a large part, and history has done much to weave romance into the story

of battles. A great change has come about. Success in war largely depends on mechanical invention and superiority in numbers. There is nothing heroic or that appeals to sentiment, in the fact that one nation can build more Dreadnoughts than another, or invent a flying machine that will drop dynamite on unoffending people! As we steamed up Lake Siljau in the early summer morning of August 7th a young American said, "We are creating a sentiment for peace that goes deeper than any work of the Congress," and this is where the Congress of 1910 has done its best work. One of the difficulties for all great causes, in their earlier stages, is to reach an unconverted public. The special train so generously given us by the State of Sweden overcame this difficulty for us. The interest the train excited on its route brought out the people everywhere. In one place flowers were thrown after it at night, when we were all sleeping, and this was after a great meeting attended by the workpeople of the Grangesberg iron and steel works, at which the Belgian Senator had said: "When the workmen are no longer sheep driven to the slaughter, but when they think and act for themselves, then there will be no more war."

As the two white steamers carrying the pacifists of 23 nationalities passed up the Stockholm archipelago to Saltsjöbaden, the waving flags and handkerchiefs from the little piers, and landing-stages, showed the sympathy of the people, and even more when the searchlight discovered them still waving in the darkness of the night on our return.

On Sunday, at Leksand, one of our party remarked that a deeper chord of feeling had been struck than many had ever experienced before. The large white church, with its black-robed minister, looked down upon a scene unique in the history even of churches. The Chinese student, and the Dalecarlian peasant woman, in her vivid costume, were sharing the same hymn-book. The Russian and the Belgian, the Pole and the German, the Norwegian and the French were all there.

After the service, in the beautiful avenue of birch trees, the people all waited to hear the peace addresses, and as the steamers passed away down the lake the gaily dressed crowd on the shore waved a friendly farewell. What lay behind these many charming scenes but the growing sentiment for peace, the greatest of all the causes for which man still has to fight? The builders of the bridges by which we now cross the country worked silently for long years sometimes. Under the water they had to fix supports, with infinite toil and labor placing stone upon stone. At last their work became visible to the outside world, and slowly but surely the great bridge appeared. It is the same in the moral world.

The foundation of all progress must be laid by the long labors of many unrecorded workers. At last the ramparts appear, and the indifferent world realises that a building is there! The Stockholm Peace Congress has shown that the bridge is growing under the hands of its devoted workers, the bridge that will one day cross the dividing lines between the nations, and bring in the era of international peace.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER.

Marstrand, Sweden.

August 13th, 1910.

#### THE POPULATION QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Dick raises a somewhat difficult question. It would certainly seem that the population of Great Britain is much too large for the area available. But is not this due to the artificiality of modern civilisation and its dependence on foreign trade? Foreign trade! How economists, whether *Free Trade* or *Tariff Reform*, love to point to it as the grand criterion of a nation's prosperity! And yet it is to foreign trade that we must attribute the appalling congestion of our population, and all the numerous evils that follow from such congestion. It is simply the old, old difficulty—that you cannot "get behind" Nature. She will have her say in the long run, as she is having it now. For Nature has imposed a certain maximum denseness of population, beyond which living becomes precarious and healthy national life impossible. Then man invents his wonderful scheme of bringing in food from outside, and so enabling the

population of a given country to be multiplied many times. Very clever, perhaps; but these artificial conditions never have lasted, and never will, however much we may seek to neutralise them by legislation. The true remedy, it seems to me, is to discourage manufactures and encourage agriculture (rather than the reverse), and at the same time to facilitate the emigration of surplus population into more sparsely occupied areas.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, E.C.

August 16th, 1910.

### "THE TRUE CHATTERTON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not, as suggested by the note to my letter of the 9th inst., Chatterton's character which is in question, but that of his biographer—my own. In your review of the 6th inst. it is said, "Mr. Ingram is no writer," and in proof of my ignorance of authorship reference is made to my opinion that Chatterton would have become "the most prominent dramatist of his age, had he lived long enough to have continued his literary craft in that direction." My opinion was shared by, amongst others, Dante Rossetti, who said the lad might, "had he lived, have proved the only man in England's theatre of imagination who could have bandied parts with Shakespeare." Further, your reviewer states my comments on what he calls the "absurd African Eclogues," are "uncalled for and untrue," but my words are confirmed by those of men of such different departments of letters as Dr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Hall Caine, and Dante Rossetti. In still further proof of my incompetence your reviewer quotes six lines of verse, as put by me "into the poet's own mouth," which, as a matter of fact, are not in my book! Again, as another proof of my incapacity, he states that I refer to an unpublished essay by Chatterton by "saying that it does not seem undeserving of publication and saying no more." Reference to my work will show that I not only proceed to describe the essay, but even quote a portion of it in confirmation of my views. Is this malice or reckless inaccuracy?

My work is offered to the public as a study "from original documents." Your reviewer asserts that "what is new in the book might be put into a very few pages," and that Mr. Ingram "brings forward no new evidence." I am prepared to prove before a legally qualified tribunal that at the least one-third of my work is new, and a very large portion of it derived from manuscript sources. The review is replete with mis-statements and mis-representations.—Yours, &c.,

August 16th, 1910.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Ingram's second letter insinuates that I attributed to him the misuse of a passage in "Revenge" which was not to be found in his book. I merely quoted from a different text. But, though not skilled in the malice and inaccuracy of debate, I will make a short reply to the other points in his letter. If I did not make clear that a third of his book is what he calls "new," it was out of kindness rather than malice, since to have done so would have been to blazon his ineffectiveness a little too brightly. But he and I are at cross purposes. He wishes to emphasise the extent of his labors, I their lack of result. He has, as he says, and as I have nowhere denied, gone to original documents, but most of these he is not the first to visit, and he neither throws light on them nor receives it. Of those which he uses for the first time I gave no inaccurate impression when I said they might be put in a few pages and there neglected. They consist mainly of almost worthless verses, and of facts relating to Chatterton's family and Bristol connections. They cover more than a few pages because Mr. Ingram quotes them with the freedom of a proud discoverer. But if these bulky minutiae fill a third of the book it only adds to the foundations of my belief that it is not a very good book. Nevertheless, these and the numerous other extracts do make it fuller of raw material than any other single book on Chatterton.

As to the published essay by Chatterton, Mr. Ingram does quote from it, but, as it seems to me, perfunctorily.

On the matters of opinion mentioned in his letter, I do not blanch before the spectacle of Rossetti, coupled with Mr. Hall Caine, but, without Mr. Ingram's rash generosity in quotation, they cannot here be discussed with any satisfaction, least of all to Mr. Ingram.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER OF "THE TRUE CHATTERTON."

August 18th, 1910.

### "A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF A POOR WOMAN."

We have received the following sums in aid of the case mentioned by Mr. St. John Ervine in our issue of July 2nd:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	...	...	...
W. Y.	...	...	...
	£12	7	6

## Poetry.

### FAITH.

I HEAR the thrush and blackbird sing,  
And blackbird sing.  
Their honied voices wake the sleeping spring,  
The slothful spring,  
And as each lovely note sighs forth and soars,  
Green to the bough doth come, and bloom restores  
The earth from mourning for the year at rest.  
She holds the golden babe upon her breast,  
The new-born spring, the waking spring.

Their glorious tune I dare not hear,  
I dare not hear.  
Nor April's flower behold without a tear,  
Without a tear.  
And friends will come to beat upon my door  
With "open wide thy casement, for before  
Was never spring so fair nor song so sweet";  
I push the bolt and to my heart repeat,  
"I dare not hear, I dare not hear."

And comes a child to call upon my name,  
Taps on the pane,  
"Oh, look thou forth and listen, ne'er again,  
Oh, ne'er again  
Shall thrush and blackbird sing as now they tune  
Their voice in chorus for the birth of June."  
Swift from my window wide I lean and cry  
What to his curious elders I deny—  
And speak my pain, and speak my pain.

"The blackbird's song how can I hear,  
How can I hear,  
When he who held their singing ever dear,  
Who held it dear,  
Sleeps sound though all the golden thrushes sing?"  
Thus to the child, still idly loitering,  
I weeping said, and he did make reply—  
"How can he hear, when thou dost sob and cry,  
How can he hear; how can he hear?"

Oh, little child, who wouldst not me deceive,  
Thou dost believe  
That his dear spirit still to earth doth cleave,  
Doth cling and cleave,  
And in the glory of the earthly air  
Finds gladness yet, and still can take a share;  
Nor lies he soulless in eternal sleep.  
I fling my casement wide, no more to weep—  
I must believe, I will believe.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The New Laokoon: An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts." By Irving Babbitt. (Constable. 5s. net.)  
 "The High-Roads of the Alps." By C. L. Freeston. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Dolomites." By S. H. Harmer. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "On the Wool Track." By C. E. W. Bean. (Rivers. 5s. net.)  
 "Tariff Reform and the Working Man." By T. J. Macnamara, M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)  
 "The Man's Case For 1,000,000 Votes for Women." (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.)  
 "The Man's Case Against 1,000,000 Votes for Women." (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.)  
 "Harmen Pols." By Maarten Maartens. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "Quarante Ans Après: Impressions d'Alsace et de Lorraine (1870-1910)." Par Jules Claretie. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

THE prospects of the autumn publishing season, which begins in a few weeks, are just now a common subject for discussion among all who have to do with the production and sale of books. The general feeling is decidedly hopeful, though there is some apprehension of disturbance in the political world. Nothing would be worse for the world of books than a general election in the autumn, but there is no likelihood of any such event. One interesting feature of the season is that it will in all probability decide the fate of the two-shilling novel. Up to the present the two-shilling novel has fully justified itself, but there are no signs of its ousting its six-shilling predecessor. Several publishers issue novels at both prices, and, judging from present indications, the cheaper book has secured a good footing, though without any great detriment to its rival.

THE chief biography of the season will be the official "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," the first volume of which will be published in the early autumn by Mr. Murray. This first volume covers the period from Disraeli's birth in 1804 to his entry into Parliament as member for Maidstone in 1837. The history of Lord Beaconsfield's biography is an odd one. It was originally undertaken by Lord Rowton, and all the necessary papers placed at his disposal. Lord Rowton spent several years working upon it, but the mass of material with which he had to deal prevented him from making much progress, though it is also said that his old admiration for Disraeli weakened into something like distaste for his task. Now, after an interval of nearly thirty years since Disraeli's death, the biography has been brought to a conclusion by Mr. W. F. Monypenny, a director of the "Times" Publishing Company.

ONE of the most interesting books of gossip of the season will be a further instalment of Lady Dorothy Nevill's recollections, which Messrs. Methuen will issue under the title of "Under Five Reigns." Lady Dorothy Nevill's "Recollections" and "Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill" are full of amusing anecdotes, and a fresh addition to the store is promised in the coming volume. It will also contain letters written to Lady Dorothy Nevill by several of the leading Victorians—Disraeli, Cobden, and Darwin, among others—descriptions of early travelling experiences on the Continent, and a discussion of some of the changes that have marked the social life of the past sixty-five years. The volume will be edited by Mr. Ralph Nevill.

DR. ANDREW WHITE, one of the most distinguished of American historians, has written a volume of biographical and critical appreciations of "men who have been prominent in the warfare of humanity with unreason." The title of the book is "Seven Great Statesmen," and the figures chosen are Sarpi, Grotius, Turgot, Thomasius, Cavour, Stein, and Bismarck. The account of Bismarck will contain some personal reminiscences dating from the period when Dr. White was United States Ambassador at Berlin. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be the publisher.

SINCE Mr. W. H. Hudson published the "Naturalist in La Plata," nearly a score of years ago, every fresh book

from his pen has been welcomed, not only by those interested in the habits of birds and animals, but by many others who have been attracted by the freshness and distinction of his style. In "A Shepherd's Life," which Messrs. Methuen announce, he is mainly concerned with the lives of the Wiltshire shepherds, though he has a good deal to say of the animal life, wild and domestic, of South Wiltshire and Salisbury Plain. The story of a shepherd family runs through the book, and forms a frame work for the descriptions which few living writers can set down with greater vividness and charm than Mr. Hudson.

"THE EDINBURGH BOOK OF SCOTTISH POETRY" is an anthology, on lines similar to the "Oxford Book of English Verse" and the "Dublin Book of Irish Verse," which is announced for publication in the early autumn by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The editor, Sir George Douglas, has aimed at presenting the best and most characteristic work of the Scottish poets, accompanied by notes at the foot of each page, so that the reader will not be troubled by linguistic difficulties. Special care has been taken to print the poems from the best texts, though, in the case of the ballads, that of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" has been usually followed.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK is generally classed as a writer for the few, rather than the many, but the success of a recent cheap edition of his novels shows that his humors and oddities can still please. We are now promised three hitherto unpublished plays from his pen, which have been prepared for the press by Dr. A. B. Young, and will be issued early next month by Mr. Nutt. These plays—"The Dilettanti," a prose farce; "The Circle of Loda," a drama in blank verse; and "The Three Doctors," a farce in prose and verse—are among the manuscripts purchased by the British Museum from Mrs. Edith Clarke in 1903, and are said to have the same dry humor as Peacock's novels. Dr. Young suspects that in choosing the theme of the second of the plays Peacock may have had in mind Shelley's desertion of Harriet Westbrook for Mary Godwin. The third play is full of hits against the medical profession, which Peacock always affected to regard as a means of accelerating death, rather than of prolonging life.

AN English translation, by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, of M. Maeterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene," will be published in the autumn. Most of the characters are New Testament personages, but there are also introduced a number of educated Roman citizens, whose frivolous and cynical conversation contrasts with the predominantly serious tone of the drama.

THE posthumous volume of Nietzsche's works which was issued last February will be followed by two others, containing lectures delivered by Nietzsche at the University of Bale. These lectures were on subjects connected with philology, and Nietzsche intended to destroy them, but was persuaded not to do so by his sister, Elisabeth Forster Nietzsche. Two other books on Nietzsche which are promised for the autumn are a translation of Daniel Halévy's "Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and a volume by Mr. A. M. Ludovici in Messrs. Constable's series of "Philosophers, Ancient and Modern."

THE Cambridge University Press authorities have decided to issue two supplementary volumes to the "Cambridge History of English Literature," containing illustrative passages in prose and verse from the great English writers, together with many reproductions of title-pages, portraits, and facsimiles. The fifth and sixth volumes of the "History," which treat of the drama down to the closing of the theatres under the Puritan rule, will be published on September 1st. Among the contents are chapters by Professor Saintsbury on Shakespeare, Professor Gregory Smith on Marlowe, Mr. F. S. Boas on early English comedy, Professor Thorndike of Columbia on Ben Jonson, Mr. Arthur Symonds on Middleton and Rowley, Mr. Harold Child on the Elizabethan theatre, and Dr. A. W. Ward on Thomas Heywood, and on some political and social aspects of the Elizabethan age.



## Reviews.

## LECKY AND THE CRITICAL SPIRIT.\*

THE Scottish Professor who measured the movement of thought by the number of new students whom in each year he found to have read "Sartor Resartus," had laid his hand on a useful psychometer. Alike in the decline and in the increase of sales of given books may be found broad clues to the movement of opinion. And the appearance of a cheap impression of Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe"—which will doubtless be followed by a still cheaper reprint from the Rationalist Press Association—tells of one movement of ideas which has gone on without arrest throughout living memory. If the lapse of copyright ever arouses resentment in the heirs of an author, they have the consolation of knowing that its effect on their incomes is the measure of his popularity. Lecky is beyond comparison the most popular of those writers on Rationalism in recent times whose works have sold at anything like high prices, with the possible exception of Draper. Published first in 1865, his book on Rationalism, in an expensive edition, was reprinted in a few months, and again in the following year; and of the new edition which came out in 1869 the present seems to be the sixteenth impression. Such a vogue for a serious work is proof positive of a gift of popular writing in the author; and a book which has now for forty-five years influenced the opinions of a multitude of readers, will doubtless do the same work over a much wider area. The "stream of tendency" in which it arose is now almost as "wide and general as the casing air" of popular culture.

The open secret of Lecky's vogue lies in his limp (not to say aqueous) fluency, his happy mediocrity of mind, which kept him on the safe ground of opinion between original insight and narrow orthodoxy; and, last but not least, the vital interest of his theme. When he wrote, the great English reaction which followed on the French Revolution had spent its force, and the spirit of criticism which had played so freely in the eighteenth century among the educated classes was again openly brooding on the face of the social waters. Geology had triumphed; Darwin's "Origin of Species," the "Essays and Reviews," Spencer's "First Principles," Colenso on "The Pentateuch," and Buckle's "Civilization" had broken the ice once for all in all directions; Renan's "romance" had a hundred English readers for every one who had forced his way through George Eliot's translation of the massive research of Straus; and the young and vigorous minority of liberal minds were eagerly ready for any historical exposition of the course of rational opinion in the past. It must have been among such readers that Lecky mainly found his public. He never out-marches the main body of liberal thought. Taking deism for granted, he is ready to disparage the old deists as critics of the sacred books, and to treat Christianity as needing only to be stripped of dogmas and presented without intolerance to make it shine as the stars for ever. Of an uncompromising assault along the whole line of accepted theology, there is no echo in Lecky's pages. To record the collapse of belief in witchcraft, astrology, and miracles, the cessation of torture and the decline of persecution, the substitution of naturalistic for supernaturalistic conceptions of the cosmic process, and the general tendency of men to grow more reasonable in all things, was the manageable burden of his task. Only the discredited credences are flouted by him: there is no casting forward to fresh heresy, no new analysis of either philosophic or historical problems.

And the style is, or was, as generally acceptable as the matter. Transparent, diffuse, simply—even cheaply—declamatory, it never arrests a reader by subtlety or pregnancy, any more than by obscurity. In Buckle, to whose school, if to any, Lecky might be said to belong, and whose expository manner he imitated, the middle-Victorian mode of rhetoric is tempered by serried paragraphs of

marshalled facts: in Lecky everything is told with the flowing and flavorless phrase of the born ready-writer. Commonplaces are reiterated with an unflagging gusto, as thus:—

"The spirit of the Fathers has incontestably faded. The days of Athanasius and Augustine have passed away, never to return. The whole course of thought is flowing in another direction. The controversies of bygone centuries ring with a strange hollowness on the ear."

By people with any palate for diction, he must always have been read with some impatience. George Eliot, reviewing him in the first number of the "Fortnightly," could not conceal her sense of his logical haziness; and Carlyle, we know, found him in intercourse "willowy" and "herbivorous, nay, graminivorous." Nor will either his psychology or his sociology stand much analysis. With all his width of reading he had never closely scrutinised the history of thought; he travels down the ages, much of the time, with the eye of a tourist seeing a country from the railway train, though he often makes an instructive and interesting excursion; and he must not be trusted for generalisations in culture-history. His account of Averroës and Averroism is mere random error; and his assertion that the English deists of the eighteenth century had been triumphantly put down by the "evidential school" is one of the most fallacious of all the heedless descriptions given of the course of controversy in that period. He seems unaware that from the source of the English criticism there flowed the far-reaching "Erklärung" in Germany and the Voltairean and Diderotian movement in France. His account of the English deists as having been utterly forgotten, when in fact the story of their evolution was being retold every few years, while their antagonists had ceased to be anything but names; his dismissal of Spinoza's "Tractatus" as possessing merely an historical interest; and his description of Raynal as having taken (with Diderot and "several other members of the party") a "probably permanent" place in French literature, are samples of his power to blunder.

But most memorable of all his miscarriages is his contriving to put in the forefront of his work a bogus paradox which, if true, would have been a logical veto on its production—the proposition, namely, that transformations of opinion are always the work of a "silent," "non-argumentative," "indefinite," albeit "intellectual" influence. He had no misgiving about the formula that "every great change of a belief has been preceded by a change in the intellectual condition of Europe"—as if the intellectual condition were not in terms of beliefs. He wrote as if convinced that disbelief in witchcraft, and scepticism concerning miracles came about without any reading, writing, or discussion; though he notes, in his table of contents, the "refutation by geology of the penal nature of death," and extravagantly ascribes to a blind assimilation of Bacon the alleged tendency of modern English men of science to a narrow experimentalism. Many of his generalisations are upset by his own narrative, though, as regarded culture-history, he never shows, and had never realised, how change of opinion was largely wrought by private argumentation which it would have been either dangerous or productive of much obloquy to publish. His first book, in short, has little of the strictly historical value of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and his notions of intellectual and moral causation are often conventional and sometimes superficial. Thus he could quite confidently allege that the cult of the Virgin Mary, in the later Middle Ages, spontaneously produced in Christendom a high respect for women which was unknown in antiquity—this without even attempting to explain why the cult of Athene should have failed to do so in Athens.

But, with all its shortcomings, Lecky's much-read book has been a potent influence for the liberation of thought, and will probably be so for another generation among a widening audience. It is a standing refutation of his formula—the echo of the excuses made by some enlightened men for their own silence—that sound ideas are "in the air," and need no propagation. He has done the kind of work that really propagates them. His perfect readableness counts for much, and his rhetoric is doubtless a stimulus to many readers. To thousands he has brought a broad knowledge of the way of evolution in opinion, with a variety

\* "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe." By W. E. H. Lecky. Longmans Cheap Edition. 2s. 6d. net.

of interesting information as to the strange forms which dogmatic error can take, the fallibility of intensely convinced men; the reactions of art and science, philosophy and discovery, upon each other; the changeability of creeds; and the brutal folly of persecution. If his ideas of causation are loose, he is yet constantly awake to the universality of causation, and thus brings a rational turn of thought into the mental habits of many who, but for such ministrations, would habitually regard large areas of life as outside of law. Handling his professed theme somewhat inadequately, he throws light on many matters that are strictly outside it; and if he is a precarious guide in the matter of historic and critical detail, he has probably inspired many to go beyond him and search for themselves.

To-day, certainly, his exposition falls short of stating the scope and progress of Rationalism. While his measure of advancement is now very much more common than at the date of his book, the tide of criticism has covered many points which he treated as beyond its reach. The "History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. A. W. Benn, starts a hundred trains of thought which Lecky never touches. Average philosophic thought has passed far from his undoubting faith in the design argument. But this continuous advance is only a fuller proof of his characteristically worded proposition that "the spirit of Rationalism has become the great centre to which the intellect of Europe is manifestly tending"; and, on the other hand, the advance of critical thought has not meant thus far the enlightening of even the majority.

Nay, there are few men of affairs who could not profit by reading his chapter on "The Secularisation of Politics," perhaps the best in the book, and that on "The Industrial History of Rationalism"—a lax title for a collection of much interesting matter. The learning is wide and various; the ethic even blusterously humane; the style a perpetual canter that can never have tried any reader, save by its uniform volubility and its occasional floundering in the turgid. Books, says the old saw, have their destinies. That of Lecky's is to diffuse an equable light in a world that takes a long time to light up all round.

#### DAYS OF VIGIL.\*

"FRANCISCAN DAYS OF VIGIL" is the history of personal views and development, the noting of some things in the story of a spirit, in that process of brain-building by which we are, each of us, what we are. Its method, like the most readable autobiographies, is not scientific. It is a personal record, the confession of "a soul played upon by so many sterilising and unpropitious circumstances," eventually asserting itself in spite of them.

The book owes much to the suggestions of the late Father Tyrrell, who expressed a wish that Mr. de Bary should write "a straightforward account of his life, mainly on the external side," of the "Zouave atmosphere that blew round his cradle," of his early childhood passed in an actual faith in a theocracy which had reached his home through the influence of Pio Nono and the French Theocrats. The picture Mr. de Bary gives of his childhood and the hidden life of the Catholic lay-folk in half seclusion from the world, is touched with a delicate and unfamiliar beauty. The early habitation becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment to him, a system of veritable symbolism, in which

"the building . . . the duckpond, the pond with moor-hens, and the pond with minnows in it, the outhouses, the chestnut trees, and the sunny banks where harmless serpents were; the spinney where fox cubs were reared, the roads and avenues of approach were mystically significant of some phase of spiritual attainment or loss. One dream scene was enacted from an outhouse by the open road, near which a herd of immense cattle passed by. They grew in size; the door was securely fixed. The last towered up higher than the outhouse, but passed the door without aggression. Then, on looking out, the road home was all safe and clear."

Thus the early home—which was let when the author was about twelve years of age—was not only "part of the great chain wherewith we are bound," but remained, in after-

life, a symbol "of reconciliation, atonement, and of the vision of an union of heaven and earth."

Perhaps the most important factor in his development was the theocratic dream of his family—a divine wonderland and triumph of hope over experience. A Royalist restoration in France was to restore the Temporal Power of the Papacy; and the Comte de Chambord was to play the new Charlemagne in this triumph of the Church. This millennium was to be preceded by a miraculous three days' darkness, during which (as predicted by the venerable Anna Maria Taigi), the sun and moon and stars would be blackened, and earthly lights fail to illumine, except those blest candles, which in this new Egyptian darkness would bring light to the Catholic Israel. "Rien n'est si beau que la fable, ni si triste que la vérité." The Comte de Chambord was no Charlemagne, and on the death of the White claimant, the devout had to feed themselves upon apocalyptic dreams of the impending débâcle of the godless civilisations, and the gathering of the remnant of the Catholics around the banner of the Papal sovereign.

When Mr. de Bary was about twelve years old, the family moved to some secluded place of Great Britain, where they, with a few friends, carried on a mission, and where the life recalls that of the seventeenth-century community of Little Gidding. The members of this little colony believed that society ought to be governed exclusively by considerations of religion, and the theocracy that was a dream in France became, for a short time, a reality in the narrow precincts of "Saintlands." There was very little teaching, but the boy spent his time in reading the lives of Saints and *beati* (from St. Teresa to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque), the "Lives of the Fathers of the Desert," and Kenelm Digby's "Mores Catholici," a storehouse of medieval Catholic legends of monks and chivalry. At the age of fifteen, he moved from one seclusion to another, stepping out of medieval Saintlands, where the world did not exist, into a Franciscan monastery, where he renounced the world he had never known, under the influence of a suggestion "which was conveyed in a very definite manner that the sole chance of saving his soul was by entrance into a religious community." The account of the "tomb-world" and its inhabitants is exceedingly interesting, for the cloister is, of course, still a place enclosed and sealed. Later, he was ordained during a period of convalescence after a long illness; the experiences of this half-delirious state ended, strange to relate, in awakening to consciousness undeveloped powers of the brain. During this period of hyper-sensitivity he writes:—

"I seemed to be immersed in some hidden sympathy with all cosmic life. Thunderstorms were felt to correspond with some storm-life within the soul. I felt that the whole universe was in a transcending and amazing conflict between the powers of Light and Darkness. On watching the visible crescent of the great Nebula that runs round the solar system, called the Milky Way, I imagined that this cosmic bow of light was the disposition of the angelic army in some age-long conflict in the heavens with the army of fiends of obscurantism and cosmic forces of evil."

His theocratic dream led by natural steps to a study of the Mohammedan Theocracy, and thence to the study of the seers of the Old Testament, "who were theocrats to the fulfilment of the heart's desire." The way to Biblical criticism was opened. When employed as a teacher in the schools of his order, he writes, "religious life to me being at most a haze of uncertainties, every pupil felt instinctively that I had no heart in the work." Though he has been called the "pioneer of Modernism," Mr. de Bary cannot be classed with the modernists. A heavy blow to his hopes as a Liberal Catholic was the position taken by the religious orders in France in the Dreyfus case. Whatever the origin of that bitter anti-Jewish propaganda, the sentiments of the Catholic Press seemed to him "frankly Satanic." "I felt that I should be absolutely false to my conscience if I kept on giving my adherence to that particular branch of the persecuting Papal nation, called the Franciscan order. The Franciscan order was only involved on account of its solidarity through its Papal Head with other branches of the Papal Religious Nation." The escape of the "soul born for modernity," as Father Tyrrell called him, was in the nature of things.

The book is well worth reading, like most sincere autobiographies. It is an apologia, a human document, rather

\* "Franciscan Days of Vigil." By R. de Bary. Longmans. 5s. net.



than a controversial work; an artless, straightforward story, told by a writer with a singular power of mental detachment and of seeing a problem all round; by one who has the outward eye of the artist and the inward eye of the mystic.

### IN SURREY.\*

DR. COX does not spare to gird the motorist, but between the pedestrian and those who go by petrol a truce might now be called. The reader tires of such phrases as that the motor-man's thoughts "are for the most part merely carnal, pondering over the lunch to be consumed," &c. When the bicyclist was unpopular it was usual to represent him as scorching for the nearest public-house. But the traveller on foot is thirsty and a-hungred, equally with the cyclist and the rider in the car; and towards one o'clock it is as proper to think of cutlets as of cloud-forms. Has Dr. Cox no favorite inn in Surrey? Or, suppose that we, in our nobly burnished vehicle, overtook him lunching on a bank, should we fling him a "Go it, Doctor!" That would be rude indeed. Nobody will drive the motorist off the road, and no reflections in the travel books of footmen will prevent him from imbibing nourishment. But the pedestrian has advantages, compensations. He can take the lanes, where no track is; he can trespass in woods and pastures; he can adventure upon hills. He is not, like the motorist, bound to the metal of the roads.

Roads or no roads, motors or no motors, there is much to tempt a trespasser in Surrey; for in no county are the parts that lie beyond the trodden ways more inviting for a ramble. Probably no true waygoer ever cared twopence about trespass-boards, or came grievously to harm, neglecting their monitions. You may lose your way, of course, but there is no madness in being lost in Surrey, as if it were a jungle of Malay. Apparently, too, it grows increasingly difficult to be cast away in Southern England. They teach the children, not to throw the half-brick, but to set the wanderer in the path:—

"Not long ago," says Dr. Cox, "when walking past the open door of an isolated schoolhouse that served for several hamlets in a beautiful part of Essex, the following query reached my ears, in the midst of a home-geography lesson: 'Now, children, if a stranger met you on the common on this side of the four cross-roads, and asked, Which is the nearest way to Chelmsford? what would be your answer?'"

Many pens have written about Surrey, which, among the ten southern counties, is surely one of the most engaging. Even here, however, it depends not a little upon what one goes out to see. Cobbett, riding up Hindhead, found it "certainly the most villainous spot that God ever made." This is a hard saying about Hindhead, and perhaps even an amazing one; yet Cobbett knew quite well what he meant. Hindhead was not producing things; and Cobbett, seeking corn, and beans, and turnips, and discovering a mere lovely wild, went off in his electric manner about nature running to waste. Nature does not run greatly to waste in the worshipful and much-praised cottage gardens of Surrey; and the flush and riot of native color that lays a spell upon the artist, and has filled so many picture galleries with delightful things, has its value beside the cabbage-patch. It is Farnham chimes for one constitution, Farnham hops for another. An Arthur Young, touring France on the eve of the Revolution, sees the short-comings of great landlords; a Sterne, going southwards only some few years earlier, sees young people dancing, and a woman on a ladder in an orchard.

Farnham is but one of many pleasant Surrey towns that we traverse at Dr. Cox's steady heels; towns with red-tiled roofs, and sometimes an interesting church, and usually an inn of story and good memory (Thackeray has noted one in "The Virginians"), and a market that stirs remembrance of the famous days of English fairs. "What other shire could produce a brief list of old market towns that could compete in comeliness and diversified antiquity with Godalming, Guildford, Dorking, Leatherhead, or Reigate?" Many if not most of the towns of Surrey have a general

charm of situation, and in speaking of the scenic qualities of the streets of some of them, Dr. Cox makes an apt comparison, the effect of which we spoil somewhat in lifting it from the page:—

"And, on the other hand, a street with a striking background of landscape always appeals, with more or less distinctiveness to the spectator. Thus, the charm of several of the striking streets of Innsbruck is mainly due to the fact of their being set square to a grand range of snow-topped hills at no great distance. Or, to return to Surrey, is not the fact of the background of Box Hill the very point which makes the main street of Dorking still so beautiful . . .?"

Innsbruck is happily brought in. Readers may carry the comparison to other cities. To the writer it recalls a vision of a long dim street in Palermo, at sunset, with just a glimpse of the mountains that Garibaldi crossed one summer's night, his red-shirted legion creeping after him to the gates of the town. Palermo-Dorking; well, was there not also a Battle of Dorking?

### CLOTILDE'S APOLOGIA.\*

So frank and, in appearance at least, so unstudied a revelation of personality as Princess von Racowitza's autobiography can hardly fail to win and engage attention. The author warns those who are easily shocked not to read her pages, and addresses herself to "emancipated people," to those independent souls who, "having reached the pinnacle which stands above all conventions, look forward to the time when each one will be free to form his own life according to his individuality, untrammelled by social or family prejudices." If, in the narrative that follows, there is much that offends the usual canons of morality and good taste, most of the blame must be laid on the shoulders of those responsible for its writer's early training. It would, indeed, be hard to imagine a worse upbringing than that of the little Helene von Dönniges. Her relatives, and particularly her father, were openly dissolute. A little Bible history was all she heard of religion. Within her own home the child was the daily witness of scenes which made innocence difficult and ignorance impossible. "I never remember," she writes, "that anything in our house was considered reprehensible except 'bad manners,' awkward speech, or intonation, all and sundry that jarred upon the sense of beauty. In my father's as well as in my mother's family, there was an absolutely fanatical love of beauty. Morals were of secondary consideration."

Such a course could have but one end, and it almost seems as if all who knew Helene von Dönniges combined to push her along the road of disaster. At twelve, she was taken to balls and, as she tells us, made love to "officially." A little later she was engaged to an Italian officer, a *roué*, a widower of forty-two, and in love with her mother. Other suitors were not wanting, among them Prince Yanko Gehan Racowitza, whom she afterwards married. The part played by Yanko at this stage was that of Helene's spiritual affinity. Paul von Krusenstern, a young Russian officer, won her affection. She had, as she more than once reminds us, formed views of her own on the fundamental questions of life, and Paul von Krusenstern was soon her acknowledged lover. To the corrupt and pleasure-loving society in which she lived, the incident seemed merely trivial or amusing, but it was too much for her Italian *fiancé*, and the engagement was broken off in a fit of jealousy.

The next event of consequence in her life was the historical and not unimportant episode which furnished Meredith with the plot of "The Tragic Comedians." Thirty-one years ago, Princess von Racowitza gave to the world the story of her relations with Lassalle in "Meine Ziehungen zu Lassalle," and upon that work Meredith based his book. The "Autobiography" repeats the story, with the addition of fuller details, and letters now published for the first time. This fuller version is in a sense an apology, but a sufficiently impartial apology to enable the reader to detect many differences between Clotilde and her original. Even Meredith's

\* "Rambles in Surrey." By J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Methuen. 6s.

\* "Princess Helene von Racowitza: An Autobiography." Authorised Translation from the German. By Cecil Mar. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.



admirers will admit that his portrait is over-hard. The real Clotilde, if less innocent, was also more simple and ingenuous, more sincere and tender-hearted than she has been portrayed. "Why this man should have come to his end through love, and the woman who loved him have laid her hand in the hand of the slayer," is still a problem not easy of solution. That offered by Princess von Racowitza herself does not carry us far. Speculating as to what part Lassalle would have played in the development of Germany during the 'seventies, she writes: "I therefore ask whether we pigmies, all of us, were not mere puppets in the hands of destiny, and used by the spirit of the world's history as the means of sweeping away the giant who could have found no place in the Empire."

The latter part of the volume, which describes Princess von Racowitza's life in America and her return to Europe, is readable, but contains little of importance. The book gives us glimpses of the famous men with whom she became acquainted, from Hans Andersen, whom she knew as a child and who told her fairy tales, to Björnson, with whom she discussed Ibsen, though she tells us little that is significant about any of them. Her portrait of Bulwer Lytton, whom she met at Nice in the 'fifties, is an exception, and is full of sprightly malice:—

"Bulwer was already past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long, dyed curls, and his old-fashioned dress. He dressed exactly as in the fashion of the 'twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches, and long coloured waistcoats. Also, he appeared always with a young lady, who adored him, and who was followed by a man-servant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared as he did in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls called *Anglaises*. To me, who hated every kind of pose, the famous author seemed ridiculous. . . . He read aloud from his own works, and, in especially poetic passages, his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

The general impression left by the Princess von Racowitza's autobiography is of a wayward, ingenuously imperious woman of beauty and talent, capable of intense though transient feeling, a strange mixture of the *grande dame* and the child. Had fate not linked her destiny with that of Lassalle, she would still be interesting. Her ambition and independence, as well as her contempt for accepted standards, suggest a comparison with Marie Bashkirtseff, though the fibre of the Russian girl was far more delicate, and the strain of artistry far stronger.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE long list of Henry IV.'s amorous adventures forms the theme of "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre" by "Le Petit Homme Rouge" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net). Historical scandals, above all those concerned with royal personages, seem to be of perennial interest to a certain section of readers, and the supply naturally follows the demand. But it must be admitted that "Le Petit Homme Rouge" is a writer of very different calibre from most purveyors of books of the type. He knows his period, and his book helps us to a better understanding of the "skilful, brave, victorious, tolerant, clement," and—he might have added—dissolute monarch whom Macaulay has made so popular in England. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" quotes Gudin de la Brenellerie's famous line describing Henry IV. as "Le seul Roi dont le pauvre ait gardé la mémoire," and lays stress in his Introduction on the king's popularity among "the millions under his sway." There is, however, ground for believing that this popularity did not exist during Henry's lifetime, and that, as M. L. Batiffol contends in "Le Siècle de la Renaissance," Henry's contemporaries were mainly impressed by his faults, chief among them being his avarice and ingratitude. M. Batiffol also holds that it was not the intention of Catherine de' Medici and her advisers to organise a general massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, but that, fearing an attack upon the Louvre, she wished to rid herself of half-a-dozen of the most violent Huguenot leaders. The author of the present work takes the opposite view. According to him, if Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the Prince de Condé, escaped death, "it was not the fault of the actual perpetrators of the massacre." They were only spared, he thinks, because they

were Guise's enemies. Of all Henry's mistresses, the two who exercised most influence on affairs were Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henriette d'Entragues. Each aimed at becoming his wife, and each nearly succeeded. Gabrielle favoured Sully, and by so doing did a great service to France, but Henriette's efforts to secure the succession to the throne for her son did nothing but harm. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" has mastered his subject, and, despite its title, his book deserves to be regarded as a contribution to the history of the period.

M. YVES GUYOT has devoted a large part of an industrious life to the refutation and denunciation of Socialism. At least four volumes in recent years have been dedicated to this task. A fifth, just published under the title of "Socialistic Fallacies" (Cope & Fenwick, 6s. net), slays once more many of his earlier corpses. The postulates of German Socialism are again reduced to mincemeat, and their inconsistencies once more exposed to ridicule. More interest attaches to the long section in which he attacks the doctrine of the concentration of capital and industry by a detailed examination of statistics. The survival of large numbers of small businesses certainly disproves the wild generalisation that all industries tend to larger and fewer business forms. But it does not, as M. Guyot imagines, prove that concentration is not taking place over large areas of modern industry. The fact, for instance, that the number of industrial establishments in America has not decreased between 1900 and 1905 is quite consistent with the fact that a small number of large businesses are taking an increasing proportion of the trade. This, in effect, is what is happening, not only in the United States, but wherever the modern economics of capitalism have free play. So, again, the statistics of the multiplication of small property owners is quite consistent with the concentration, in a few hands, of an increasing proportion of the aggregate wealth of a nation. M. Guyot's reasoning from his figures is often very slipshod in these and other matters. Though he makes out a strong case against the Marxian economics and history, his attempt to turn this success into a defence of trusts, and a wholesale attack alike on collectivism and trade unionism, is a sorry performance.

STUDENTS of the political history of the Continent will welcome an English translation of Professor Marczali's "Hungary in the Eighteenth Century" (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net), together with an introductory essay on the earlier history of Hungary, by Mr. H. W. V. Temperley. The main interest of the work, as Mr. Temperley points out, is that the peculiar circumstances of Hungary enable us "to behold a portrait of a medieval society, complete and finished in all its outlines, and drawn with a wealth of detail and accuracy of information that can hardly be paralleled elsewhere in Europe." In no other country did the nobles, with their feudal organisation, exercise a check upon the monarchy down to so late a period. Joseph II., who attempted to govern the country in accordance with the doctrinaire theories of the eighteenth century, deserves the thanks of historians for the vast mass of statistics and memoranda on the political and social institutions of Hungary which he caused to be collected. It is upon these that Professor Marczali's work is chiefly based. His chapters on economic conditions, on the social system, on the Church, and on the Royal power and the government of the State throw a great deal of fresh light on the causes that enabled Hungary to resist the absolutism which was predominant elsewhere in Europe. Mr. Temperley gives a brilliant account of the main facts in Hungarian history, from the end of the ninth century to the Treaty of Szatmár between Austria and Hungary in 1711.

DR. MARIE C. STOPES's day to day "Journal from Japan" (Blackie, 7s. 6d. net) is the result of an eighteen months' stay in that country, which she visited, as she tells us, for purely scientific purposes. The diary, however, is not concerned with scientific, but with social matters; and though its form has the inevitable drawback of disconnectedness—for the author has refrained from editing it—the book is a very readable, bright, and shrewdly human account of

her experiences. The latter were varied and piquant; she was by turns in Tokio and "the wilds"; and in neither does she appear to have wasted opportunities for keen observation. Lafcadio Hearn's Letters would seem to have colored Mrs. Stopes's estimate of the Japanese people to some extent. But, on the whole, she is free from any sorrowful discontent concerning them, in spite of the fact that an occasional case of dishonesty of which she was the victim, or several instances of their unpractical dilatoriness, provoke her to the expression of frankly critical opinions. But the very roughness of these outbursts throws into strong relief the general kindness of her estimate. She deprives the nation of its supposed diabolical cleverness and its artistry; but she gives to it what has often been withheld—a strong religious feeling and the faculty of sincere friendship. She disposes of many popular illusions prevalent in this country, regarding Japanese kindness to animals, Japanese impassivity, and so forth, but she does not conceal her appreciation of the colorful land and the courtesy and embarrassing hospitality of its inhabitants. The lighter touches are fresh and distinctly amusing. The easy custom of dressing and undressing in public appears to have made some impression upon her, and there is one delightful tale of naïveté in society circles which we cannot forbear quoting. It was at a garden party, and on the lawn "a lady visitor turned down her glove and rubbed some bites on her arm. Mr. G— bent over her, and with an air of courteous solicitude, said "That is not one of my fleas, I hope." Nobody seemed to find anything unusual in the remark, is the author's comment.

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MR. W. M. MACKENZIE'S "Pompeii," with illustrations by Signor Alberto Pisa (Black, 7s. 6d. net), is a genuinely useful effort to reconstruct the character and life of one of the most interesting cities of the ancient Roman Empire. A great part of Pompeii has been excavated, and much light has been thrown upon its history, ever since Bulwer-Lytton's famous novel was written; but the published results have been mainly those of archaeologists, and too technical to rouse the sympathy of more than a very limited class. Mr. Mackenzie's book, on the other hand, is frankly humanistic in tone and popular in its appeal. At the same time it shows, not merely a wide reading of authorities, but also a first-hand acquaintance with the ruins that have come to light, an intimate knowledge of classical domestic architecture, and, better than all, a sympathetic imagination in regard to the human drama bound up with the town's prosperity and tragic end. Every phase of Pompeian life is treated in this volume—the day-to-day round of its citizens, their food and raiment, their commerce, their literature and drama, and other less admirable recreations, the art wherewith they adorned their houses, and their baths—the last, as in Rome, a salient feature of daily existence. Pompeii was a lesser Rome in most respects, but it had distinctive characteristics. "The first impression of the streets is their mathematical regularity, from which there are but few departures, and those of necessity. . . Pompeii is a classic example of rational town-planning, and the idea must have been there from the beginning." Of the buildings themselves, Mr. Mackenzie writes: "The glory that was Greece was a glory of solid marble; the grandeur that was Rome overlay a core of adamantine concrete; Pompeii, in the main, is a rubble building cased in hard polished stucco." In a most interesting chapter on the Pompeian pictures, which were, of course, entirely wall decorations, Mr. Mackenzie points out the value of the extant collection—about 3,000 examples—to our knowledge of classic painting, "for whose character we must otherwise trust entirely to literary references." The book is an interesting and altogether adequate introduction to the wider study of the subject, and Signor Pisa's illustrations are excellent examples of a delicate art that is already familiar to the British public, through the examples that have been repeatedly exhibited at a well-known Bond Street gallery.

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THE Scottish Border has long provided a setting for song and story, and in "A Land of Romance" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net), Mrs. Jean Lang does justice to a theme on which it would

be difficult to write a dull book. She opens with an account of the building of the Roman wall, and thence proceeds in a chapter called "The Coming of Arthur" to give some account of a period which, for the accurate historian, is, she admits, "irritatingly impossible." Arthur, according to tradition, fought a series of twelve battles on the Border in defence of the British and Romano-British, defeating the Scots, Picts, Angles, and Saxons. From Arthur we pass to the "Saints of the Border," chief among them St. Cuthbert, who are in turn succeeded by Border Wizards, Border monks, Bruce and Wallace, Mary, Queen of Scots, the heroes of the Border feuds, the Covenanters, and Prince Charlie. A concluding chapter called "Sir Walter's Day," treats of the beliefs and characters which Scott turned to so good account. The book is one of considerable literary charm and grace, and will be welcomed by all who have felt the fascination of the Border stories and wish to add something to their stock of Border lore.

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THE cult of the rock garden and its Alpine plants is sufficiently well-established among gardening amateurs, and a good deal of literature, ephemeral and otherwise, has been published on the subject. There is, however, ample room for such a book as Mr. Somerville Hastings's "Summer Flowers of the High Alps" (Dent, 7s. 6d. net), which contains detailed descriptions of selected typical flora of Switzerland, written by one who is an authority. The illustrations are somewhat of a novelty, in that they are reproductions from the author's own direct color photographs—the Lumière process; and the results are interesting to compare with the water-color drawings that are the staple mode of reproducing floral species. Some of these pictures are perhaps a little nebulous, lacking the definition so dear to the scientific student's mind, and the three-color process of reproduction is not always successful in rendering the depth and richness of color associated with Alpines; but, as a whole, they are wonderfully attractive. Mr. Hastings's Introduction is a general review of Swiss flora, in which he indicates the factors of altitude and climate that influence their character and, not forgetting to remind his readers that the Alpine transplanted is always a little disappointing in color, gives some suggestive advice as to its cultivation in the home garden.

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A CERTAIN Gallic grace of form and philosophy, well preserved by its translator, Miss Constance Williams, redeems Mme. Yvonne Sarcey's "The Road to Happiness" (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net) from the mawkishness that too often attends books of this class. The volume, which consists of a series of homilies addressed to a girl cousin, is divided into three parts headed severally "The Girl," "The Woman," and "The Child," and the subject matter is mild philosophising on such themes as "Luck," "Modern Holidays," "Should Engaged Couples be Left Alone Together?" "The Right to Happiness," "Is Woman an Individual?" "Proper Reading," and "English Education and Ours." It will be gathered from these titles, selected from a total of fifty-one, that the scope of the book is considerable, and most English readers will find both entertainment and instruction in the Frenchwoman's view of problems that are often discussed in this country. Some of the titles give but little clue to the nature of the reading matter that follows; for instance, "Imagination Without Judgment" covers a most interesting account of a visit to a lunatic asylum, and "Two Well-Brought-Up Scamps" is an illuminating dialogue between two little French boys, one "modish," and the other the reverse. The book is altogether much lighter than its "contents" pages would suggest, and if every story is made to point a moral, the sermonising of most of them is neither heavy nor dull.

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THE Land Clauses of the Budget have produced a crop of legal literature of varying quality. Among the best of the books on the subject which we have hitherto seen is "Land Values," by Mr. Edward S. Cox-Sinclair and Mr. Thomas Hynes (Chas. Knight & Co., 10s. 6d.). The writers are barristers, and the work is primarily for the legal prac-



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## The Week in the City.

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THE City has had this week two severe, if minor, shocks—the Brussels fire and the Malacca report. It is supposed that Lloyds have lost some £250,000 by the conflagration, and that the leading English fire companies have lost another quarter of a million. These sums are relatively small when it is considered that they probably only represent the national accumulations of a single day; but still they are losses, and have certainly added to the melancholy of the Stock Exchange. The Malacca report has caused another collapse in the rubber market, which had been trying hard to put on an appearance of strength and activity. American stocks were put up in consequence of the news that Mr. Roosevelt has been rejected by the Republican State Committee of New York. Wall Street hates Roosevelt, and regards this as a victory for the corporations. The Wall Street magnates are now outwardly bullish, because they have taken over the stocks of the Pearson syndicate, and want to unload them on the market at a profit. Hence the encouraging reports about crops and business, which have been published by inspiration the last few days. As a matter of fact, nothing has occurred to alter the forecast that the exportable surplus of wheat will be much less both in the United States and Canada than last year. Maize and cotton will probably be fair crops, but not the bumper harvests that had been hoped for. In Europe, with the exception of France, the harvest is likely to prove well above the average; and we may hope for a run of moderate wheat prices, especially if India, Australia, and Argentina show up well in the autumn and winter. The Bank return shows a strong reserve, which will probably suffice to meet the Egyptian demand for gold.

### THE MALACCA REPORT.

The Malacca Rubber Plantations is one of the biggest of the rubber companies, and has even been regarded as a safe "heavy" stock giving stability to the market. Some of the big houses took its convertible bonds, and no doubt converted them into stock at a time when that operation showed fine paper profits. At the height of the rubber boom the quotation ran up to eighteen. Since then, owing to well informed sales and rumors, the price had gone down below nine, and on Wednesday (the report having appeared on Tuesday night) to little more than seven. The directors' action does not inspire confidence in the management. Earlier in the year they played up to the bulls by declaring an interim dividend of ten per cent, which, of course, led the market to expect another ten in the final distribution. But the directors are distributing nothing, and are using what little they have in hand to write off capital issue outlay and for expenditure on parts of their estate. They announce, also, that the monthly outputs are falling below

estimates, because a considerable number of the trees have had to be rested. This is a new and rather disquieting doctrine for rubber shareholders. It may be due to unscientific tapping. Certainly this report shows, at the best, a serious want of prevision. It is a pity that so big a company should lose credit in this way. On the whole, with greatly decreased consumption in America, rubber and rubber shares seem to be in for another decline. The well-managed plantations will survive, of course, and probably continue to pay good dividends, even if the price of rubber is halved. But the badly-managed ones will disappear, along with the money invested in them.

### PERU AND THE PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

The financial position of Peru is, in many respects, peculiar. In the early days of her independence loans were contracted in a somewhat reckless manner, and became a heavy burden upon an underpopulated country, whose progress was also arrested by perpetual political troubles. Easy-going financial methods were encouraged by discoveries of the valuable guano deposits, which were looked upon as a Fortunatus purse, and led to rash speculation. However, the country, which has enormous natural resources, would probably have surmounted these financial troubles but for the sudden outbreak of the disastrous Chilian war, which left Peru utterly ruined. For a time all attempts to stand alone ended in failure; it was recognised that the country must, to all intents and purposes, go into liquidation, and the Peruvian Corporation was appointed receiver. The debt, with arrears of interest, amounted to about twenty-three millions sterling. Accordingly, Peru was released from direct responsibility for the debt, and in 1890 the Peruvian Corporation was established, with a capital of £9,000,000 in ordinary shares, £7,500,000 in four per cent. preference shares, and power to issue £6,000,000 in six per cent. debentures. The Peruvian Government, in return for release from the debt, undertook to pay the Corporation a subsidy of £80,000 annually, to hand over the State railroads and rights over the guano deposits, and certain mines and lands. The concessions were to last for sixty-six years. These conditions may appear favorable, but they were too onerous for Peru in her then depressed state. Within a very few years default was made in the subsidy. In 1896 the interest on the debentures, which had been issued to a large amount for railway construction, was reduced to three per cent. Consequently, the Corporation was unable to carry out some of its promised railway constructions, and quarrels between the Corporation and the Government were frequent. At last, in April, 1907, a fresh agreement was signed. The Government arranged to pay the Corporation £80,000 annually for thirty years. Several matters were left in reserve, but a most satisfactory feature of the agreement is that railway construction, which was arrested by the deadlock and should, if judiciously carried out, make Peru a prosperous country, is to proceed. The corporation is continuing work upon the Oroya-Huancayo line and also the Sicuani-Cuzco, and is taking over the Huari-Huancayo and Chicacupe-Cuzco lines, begun by the Government. After due deductions the Government will receive half the net receipts. The Corporation has, of course, suffered from the general depression in Peru, but it has very valuable assets, and the debentures, which should be treated as a first preference, are rather attractive with their high yield. The Peruvians proper are pleasant folk, but wanting in energy and self-reliance. Better organisation would turn the hard-working Indians of the mountains into a splendid industrial force, and if the Government would take proper means for the protection of the rubber-gathering Indians, the decline in the rubber exports would be checked, and the forest inhabitants, freed from the fear of brutal tyrants, would, in course of time, learn habits of industry and be a source of wealth to the country. Peru now produces sugar in enormous quantities. Her cotton and coffee are of high quality, and the cotton exports are increasing. The wool industry is making progress, and about copper, silver, and gold the same may be said as about a score of other staple products—i.e., if there were capital, energy, and means of transport, they might be produced in an abundance that few countries could rival.

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